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MEMOIR

OF

JOHN W. FRANCIS, JR.

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MEMORIAL.

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MEMORIAL

OF

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JOHN W. FRANCIS, JR.

BY

HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

"He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life."

NEW-YORK.
1855.

345002

★Mrs. Charles E. Curtis

*** *So frequent have been the requests, on the part of relatives and friends of the lamented subject of this Memorial, for the loan of the many spontaneous tributes to his worth and loss, that, to gratify this affectionate demand, as well as to preserve these otherwise perishable records, it has been thought desirable to print the following selection.*

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MEMOIR

OF

JOHN W. FRANCIS, Jr.,

IN A LETTER TO HIS FATHER.

My Dear Doctor:

Aware as I am of the peculiar relation that existed between you and your lamented son, of the genuine companionship you so early found in him, of the singular identity of taste, opinions, and aims that existed between you, of his filial devotion and your parental love and hopes,—I should be the last of your friends to proffer the common-places of sympathy, or the feeble resources of human consolation. But, as I have considered your bereavement, and recalled the great interest both the departed and yourself cherished in all authentic records of character, and in memorials of

the gifted and the loved who have left the earth, it has occurred to me that it might prove a grateful tribute both to his memory and to his parents' sorrow, to note the prominent facts of his development, and traits of his nature. It is, I think, a great error to suppose that the whole interest of biography centres in events; lives the most honored in remembrance, are often the least enlivened by incident: neither is a short career absolutely devoid of characteristic materials; especially where, as in the present case, the Roman orator's wish has been realized; "I approve," says Cicero, "of a youth that has something of the old man in him." The philosopher and the friend look beyond the casual landmarks that circumstances leave along the path of a finished life, and seek to revive the habits of mind, the tendencies of character, the purposes and the principles of those who have gone before; what the New Testament significantly calls, "the spirit they are of"—is the great object of inquiry and source of moral interest. Nor are such comparatively abstract details insufficient to convey a just idea of one whom we have personally never known. Let me recall to your memory the sketch which Dr. Beattie prepared of his son.

It is written without hyperbole, and records no extraordinary achievement or wonderful occurrence; and yet, by the definite hints of studies, tastes, and disposition it affords, we have quite a pleasing and clear portrait of that beloved and gifted son. He much resembled him you so justly deplore, and was endeared by the same intellectual sympathy and moral excellence, and lost at the same age: there is, indeed, a singular coincidence between them. Dr. Beattie's son was his companion; he selected moral philosophy as a pursuit in order to share and relieve his father's labors as professor of that branch in Marischal College, Aberdeen; and was appointed his assistant at the early age of nineteen: he manifested a natural love of letters, which expanded under his father's encouragement, and the social experience of his boyhood. In traits of character you will also discern a striking resemblance between the two young men. "The effect of religion upon his mind," says the paternal biographer, "was to make him cheerful, considerate, benevolent, and intrepid. In conversation with his particular friends, he would display an amazing exuberance of pleasantry and humor. His knowledge of nature and extensive learning

supplied him with innumerable images; and his lively fancy, aided by simplicity of diction and a ready eloquence, enabled him to combine them into the most diverting forms that could be imagined: a dislike of ambitious ornaments and, what I might almost call, an abhorrence of ostentation, appeared in him very early in life; and were heightened and confirmed by studying those ancient writers who are distinguished by a severe and majestic simplicity of style. His acquaintance was nearly as extensive as mine; and to many persons of great distinction he had the honor to be known and to be indebted for particular civilities. He had a passion for visiting places that had been remarkable as the abodes of eminent men or that retained memorials of them. He had acquired the elements of musical performance; I advised him to apply to it, knowing that, after fatigue and study, it might be an innocent and useful recreation. He thought it his duty to lay, for some time, other studies aside, and apply himself solely or chiefly to what he thought might be the business of his life. When I told him that in this station he might be very useful, but could never be rich; his answer was, that he had never wished to be rich,

and that to be useful was his highest ambition. Some weeks before the commencement of his last illness, he asked me whether I had any objection to his studying physic: 'I would fain be useful,' he said, 'to my friends, and to the poor especially.' It may be thought that I would not neglect to explain to him the principles of good writing, as far as I knew them; and this part of my duty I did not neglect; but my diligence in it bore no proportion to his proficiency; which I impute to his natural rectitude of mind, aided by constantly reading the best authors. One day, when I was sitting by him, he began to speak in very affectionate terms, as he often did, of what he called my goodness to him. I begged him to drop the subject, and was proceeding to tell him I had never done any thing for him but what duty required and inclination prompted; and that for the little I had done, his filial piety and other virtues were to me more than a sufficient recompense,—when he implored the blessing of God upon me. He had an attachment to Peterhead, and wished to pass part of every summer there, in which I was always willing to indulge him. The causes of this attachment were neither few nor trivial. The air of the

place had several times restored him; the kind attentions shown him by the people, and their simple manners won his heart; and the situation of the town, almost surrounded by the sea, was very favorable to fishing, rowing, walking and other exercises in which he delighted."*

I need not point out the remarkable similarity between this sketch and the facts of your son's life. Imbued with like intellectual tastes, equally delighting in books, in nature, in humorous and musical recreation, and, at last, in professional study; endowed with the same aspirations for usefulness; partaking of kindred social advantages; actuated by the same filial devotion,—the one picture reflects the other. Your son had an attachment to Newport, like that young Beattie cherished for Peterhead, and for identical reasons; he also uttered, on his dying bed, a filial benediction, warm from the heart. In minor particulars, of course, there is a discrepancy; but the materials of an honored and lovable character are not less abundant in the case of him you mourn. Permit me to gather and arrange a few of them, many from my own observa-

* Miscellanies by James Hay Beattie, A. M.; with an account of his Life and Character by James Beattie, LL. D.

tion, and others from the testimony of friends, teachers, and classmates. In the more serene hours of your grief, it may yield you, his mother and brothers, a melancholy satisfaction to dwell upon even such an inadequate record.

John W. Francis, Jr., was born in the city of New York on the 5th of July, 1832, and died there on the 20th January, 1855. Of the singular promise of his infancy, we have a beautiful evidence in the miniature by Miss Hall. The fine physical development and frank graces of childhood therein exhibited, induced the publisher of a favorite annual—the Magnolia, to secure an engraving of the picture, under the name of Oberon; and the editor, well known and honored in literature, in some illustrative verses, declared of this ideal of infant strength and loveliness, that he could

> "In every speaking feature trace
> A brilliant destiny."

The schools to which he was chiefly indebted for his early education, were those of Rev. Dr. Hawks, at Flushing, L. I., Mr. Duff, at Staten Island, and Mr. Worth, in this city. At the former his literary tastes were confirmed, and his

moral training effectively promoted; at the second, the military discipline of the establishment greatly developed his physical constitution, and gave him facility in many exercises demanding both strength and skill; and at the last, his classical studies were prosecuted with great success. At these institutions all his school-days were profitably occupied; and the substantial benefits thus derived were obvious during his academical course. In the mean time, his domestic habits and fondness for reading were happily influencing his devolopment at home. A visit to Savannah, Ga., and occasional excursions, in the summer, to the sea-side and the interior, gave him opportunities to gratify and enlarge his love of nature. His social privileges were rare, his friendships remarkably stable, and his enjoyment of all these sources of culture, keen and constant, so that every desirable element seemed provided to form an efficient and manly intelligence. As a child he loved to hear his father's account of a visit to Salisbury Plain—the scene of Hannah More's once popular story, and of an hour passed in the pew at East Dereham, where Cowper used to sit. In his subsequent holiday travels, he carried a copy of Falconer's Shipwreck,

to read of the sea in the midst of its wonders; and of Zimmerman's Solitude, to aid his meditative hours.

> "Not slothful he, though seeming unemploy'd,
> And censured oft as useless. Stillest streams
> Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird
> That flutters least, is longest on the wing."

A polyglot edition of Gray's Elegy was almost invariably within reach of his study chair. "He had," says his favorite preceptor, "the soul of a classical scholar;" and when, on a summer evening, that eminent professor heard, in his quiet study, the cheers of the students in his honor, he at once and rightly ascribed the compliment to "the young Doctor," as he was already called. It was a natural recognition of his maturity of intellect and character that he was urged, during the Freshman year, to join the college societies. Yielding a preference to the "Delta Phi," he soon became a most respected and beloved member of that society. The entire confidence he inspired, rendered his word and his opinion sacred in the estimation of his associates. To his humor and vocal talent they were indebted for the most charming recreation; while in serious discussion, the force

of his reasoning, and the choice language in which his sentiments were expressed, won earnest attention; and it is worthy of remark that, while his range of knowledge and solidity of judgment thus obtained the genuine respect of his fellow-members, it was as a companion, ingenuous, affectionate and sincere, that he gained so tenacious a hold upon their love. "He gave to our meetings," says one of his associates, "a home feeling; on grave subjects we listened to his remarks with delight; and when he read a burlesque report, told a fresh story, or gave us an old English song, the chords of sympathy and mirth were instantly touched, and a genial magnetism at once identified the group."

A book or a course of reading that proved accordant with his mode of thinking or grateful to his sympathies, was an epoch in his life; for the time his mind became absorbed in the pursuit; it was the constant subject of his conversation, and proved a vital interest. Such was the effect of his first acquaintance with Boswell's Life of Johnson. The character of that remarkable man he fully appreciated; discriminating between his principles and his temperament, the natural sentiments of his

heart, and the unfortunate defects of his physical constitution. The salient anecdotes, the most characteristic sayings, and the remarkable specimens of style that are discoverable in Johnson's life and writings, he never forgot, and was in the habit of quoting with humorous emphasis. Another and quite diverse field of inquiry, for a while, preoccupied his thoughts;—the history and character of the Aborigines of this continent. The sight of Black Hawk, and familiarity with Catlin's collection, led him to examine the early American travellers for ethnological facts in regard to this fast disappearing race, and his memory became stored with the most important data on the subject. Indian character and habits were only secondary in speculative interest to the records of maritime and pioneer adventure. He loved to identify every phase of the seasons with Thomson's description, a poet singularly near his affections and associated with his enjoyment of the phenomena of nature.

Among his marked traits, a sense of humor was prominent; in his, as in many cases, it proved a beneficent provision whereby the too earnest and severe tendencies of the intellect were modified.

The zest with which he relished or narrated a

good story was keen. "Knickerbocker's New York," was a work that he thoroughly appreciated; the finer traits of humor in Lamb, Hood, Hawthorne, and Goldsmith, were never-failing sources of entertainment. But this quality found its best scope in the hours of unrestrained companionship and friendly converse. His friends can never forget the inimitable truth of his imitations, the radiant smile and musical laugh, the apt quotation, the pithy anecdote, and the dramatic personification, which charmed for them the few hours he dedicated to social recreation. Gifted with a voice of remarkable compass and melody, and a great facility in catching an air once heard, he would sing, without accompaniment, and with admirable effect, a hymn, operatic cadenza, old English ballad, Italian barcarole, or one of the pathetic strains that echo from the plantations of the South, when the negroes chant their rhythmical laments. For the songs that the elder literature of our own tongue embalms, he had a peculiar attachment; and warbled of the sea with somewhat of the hilarity that element always inspired in his heart. The plaintive notes of Bellini, and often the memorable *finale* of Lucia, rose full and

tender from his breast; and his manly tones were heard above all, in the family anthem, on a festive night. Upon these delightful episodes in a youth of devoted study, it is most pleasant to dwell, for they show forth the warm and true sympathies that endear his memory. From broad intelligence to graceful vivacity, and from honest affection to agreeable companionship, his frank and cordial image seems to vibrate in the fond recollection of those most familiar with his presence.

For many weeks after its publication, his mind was filled with the life of Haydon as a psychological study and a case of mental affection; it was one of the last of a series of biographical studies that richly stored and admirably disciplined his powers of memory and analysis. In History, he read consecutively Hume, Robertson, and Macaulay, and was prepared to discuss their relative claims with knowledge and acumen. Two favorite books often found on his table, "The History of a Plant," an ingenious work by the erudite German Dr. Schleiden, and the French volume, called, "A Journey round my Room," aptly indicated his tastes; the one for natural history, and the other for home-life.

His library, filled with standard works of classic and English literature, memorials of friendship, portraits of great thinkers, marine curiosities —all kept in the most perfect order—was no inadequate symbol of his life and his mind, so stored with desirable knowledge, methodical in action, and self-sustained by the resources of intelligence. Here he passed some of the happiest hours of his life, sacred, as appears by his journals, to reflection, acquirement, and gratitude; thence he came overflowing with some old author or some new truth to compare notes at the fireside and give expression to his own conviction. On the last of these occasions, and but a few days before his death, he highly enjoyed a long conversation with Kohl, the German traveller. Each picture, article of furniture, and even book in his room, is eloquent of some trait of character or some peculiar taste; and no one would imagine it was arranged and occupied by a youth—so indicative of maturity, of wisdom, of intellectual vigor, and conservative sentiment, is every thing that there breathes of his occupations and his memory. Around the walls are prints of German philosophers and views of Heidelberg; there is a surgical apparatus, here the

old pipe of a Greenwich pensioner: Red Jacket's tomahawk, and a fragment of Captain Cook's famous ship "Endeavor," suggest his Indian studies and love of nautical adventure. Over the fireplace is a rosary, the dying gift of a poor sailor he attended; on the table is an ancient Bible, a telescope, a basket of artificial flowers and a beautiful inkstand—the gifts of friendship. On the hearth glows a wood-fire—to which he was always partial; on the shelves, history, biography, medical and classical books, arranged in separate compartments, and much in the order in which they have been perused or were needed for reference. His favorite authors, many of which have been mentioned, are placed together. He was a critical admirer of Irving, Dickens, De Quincey, Prescott, Bryant and Longfellow, whose respective styles of writing and modes of thought were favorite themes of comment and discussion. Knight's Shakspeare and Walton's Angler were always at hand. Sterne's sermon on the Pharisee, and Leigh Hunt's essays, were among his favorite exemplars of didactic writing. Paley's Natural Theology he early loved, and Milman's Horace was much prized. Such are a few incidental landmarks of

his taste in general reading; to those who knew him they have a significance beyond the mere appreciation of beauty. With him to love an author was to thoughtfully adopt him into the sphere of consciousness, to partake of his spirit, respond to his sentiment, and be prepared to defend his claims and illustrate his excellence. The feeling he thus cherished was personal, full of gratitude and loyalty. He regarded a favorite author as an intellectual benefactor; and not only gave up to him the reins of his imagination, but the sympathy of his heart. The improvement resulting from this constant intercourse with the master spirits in literature, was obvious. It engendered a habit of observation and a power of description. He learned to regard the familiar scenes of life in a dramatic and picturesque view; and used to speak of them as materials for each literary artist whose manner was familiar to him: many an incident, simple in itself, and many a scene which the careless observer would pass unheeded, he described with vividness and effect. With a large endowment of what the phrenologists call *inhabitiveness*, he took a proud interest in the fortunes and local history of his native metropolis

—a taste doubtless fostered by the strong Knickerbocker attachments and copious reminiscences of his father. Every recreative walk along the river, every excursion in the bay and ride to the environs, suggested to his mind a fund of descriptive hints. He became so attached to the New York Hospital, that for many weeks during the last summer of his life, he only left its walls to make a hurried visit at home. The arrangements, direction, and scenes of this Institution were to him a school far beyond the lessons of his profession; and he cherished the design of an elaborate paper to be called *Life in a Hospital.*

Inspired by these tastes, he visited Block Island, attracted by the memory of the old Dutch admiral, Adrian Block,* in whose honor the isolated spot was named; and the week he passed

* "The same year (1614) witnessed the launch of the first vessel constructed by Europeans in New York. It was a yacht of sixteen tons burden, built by Adrian Block, to replace his Amsterdam ship, which had been destroyed by fire. For many years afterwards, this little vessel—most appropriately named "*The Restless*," as if to typify the activity which was to make Manhattan the proud emporium she now is—was employed in exploring Long Island Sound and the Delaware Bay, and in trading with the native savages."—*Broadhead's Address.*

among those primitive fishermen was ever a subject of curious reminiscence. From a like impulse he selected De Foe as the theme of his essay, upon graduating at Columbia College; and the research and discrimination it displayed, as well as its correct and fluent style, obtained for him the prize for English composition. The authors he loved to take up to beguile a leisure half-hour, were the Indicator, Lord Bacon's Essays, and those of the quaint Elia, into whose love of nature and speculative humanity he entered with fraternal sympathy. Few modern works so deeply won his attention as the Bridgewater Treatises.

The two charms of medical study, in his estimation, were the scientific exposition of natural laws, and the opportunity for benevolent activity. As a profession he had little taste for that which he adopted; and would have preferred a wider range of inquiry and a life less crowded, in order to pursue more general reading. But he cheerfully sacrificed his personal inclinations to filial duty. His great ambition was to share and relieve his father's labors; and, with characteristic energy, having once decided, he pursued his aim with self-devoted assiduity. He seemed to act upon the

conviction of Sir T. F. Buxton, who said; "The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men—between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant—is energy; invincible determination, a purpose once fixed on, and then death or victory. That quality will do any thing that can be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it." That peculiar change observable when youth loses itself in manhood, appears to have taken place in his nature much earlier than usual. The last two or three years of his life exhibited so marked a transition, that the youth seemed all at once to have become a man—a man in distinctness and strength of purpose, in emphasis of character, in self-control, and the sense of responsibility: his mind, after a gradual progress, took a new and decisive start, and the orb of his life had no sooner beamed in the horizon, than it culminated; the fruit ripened ere the blossom had vanished. When remonstrated with on account of his zealous ministrations at the Hospital, his reply was; "I have an object in view; I wish to graduate not only theoretically acquainted with my profession, but so

far practically skilful as to be of immediate service to my father." Yet native tastes were evident in this new sphere of application; and although he made himself thoroughly familiar with the details of Anatomical science, and the Materia Medica, and committed to memory the best part of "Watson's Practice of Physic," he also lingered with delight over the recent works of the German physiologists, venerated Abernethy, and was charmed with "Bell on the Hand."

Next to his friends he loved nature. The greatest of recreations both to his body and his mind was a little nautical expedition in the bay of New York, or along the shores of Rhode Island, or a fishing expedition at Martha's Vineyard. The phenomena of storms interested him more than the artificial excitements of society. He would snatch an hour from his books to ride down to the Battery, to watch the driving sleet as it fell amid the turbulent waters of the harbor. A snow-storm was a kind of pensive festival to him, and the sea was his idol. This idiosyncrasy modified his literary tastes. He preferred the Georgics to the Æneid, Euripides to Aristophanes, and Horace to Ovid, and loved to quote Terence; because they revealed

more of nature and of man. The voyages of the old English navigators, and of recent Arctic explorers, were as familiar as household words. He cherished an old log-book, the gift of the aged daughter of a whaling-captain, at whose house he lodged at Newport, as a prize—so genially did it appeal to his love of maritime adventure. Robinson Crusoe was the delight of his boyhood, Dampier and Parry of his youth. Cooper's novels, and especially "the Pilot," excited his warmest sympathy. He used to descant with enthusiasm, upon Hawthorne's description of a snow-fall, and Melville's pictures of sailors and ships. He kept, for years, the blackened pipe of an old sea-dog whose stories had beguiled him at a marine hospital. The zest of this love of nature, whether gratified through books, specimens of character, or excursions in the summer, was to him a source of the greatest refreshment and the most vivid remembrance.

He recorded some of these impressions, and their character may be inferred from the following extracts which I find in a sketch that appeared in the Literary World, two or three years ago.

Speaking of the closed warehouses on the docks, after nightfall, he says :

"There they stood in the dismal night, wrapt in silence, and apparently deserted for ever. How different their situation but a few hours before ! Then they swarmed with life and activity ; clerks sat at their desks within, and toiled away ceaselessly—and perhaps many a man, whose pen was capable of better things, had all day long copied accounts into the ledger, as poor Lamb did at the India House. Porters and cartmen had been busy from an early hour, bringing in and taking away goods ; merchandise had been bought and sold, and some of the merchants had made great bargains. Many a rich man had gone home richer at night, and many a poor man had left these stores poorer than in the morning. But now, the tide of life, which all day long flowed through these buildings, had ebbed—every one had gone home, from the wealthy proprietors of the firms, to the poor porters, worn out with the day's labor ; and nothing remained behind, save the rats and mice, who made sad havoc among those things at all edible, and scampered fearlessly about over desks and tables, and played 'hide-and-go-seek' among the

'pigeon holes,' sacred to the letters of the head partners. As I thought of these things, I was strongly reminded of old Scrooge's counting-house, as he sat there on that Christmas Eve, scolding his half-frozen clerk when about to put a few coals on the already dying fire, whose solitary remaining spark, like the hectic spot upon a poor consumptive's cheek, gave sure token of speedy dissolution. But I doubted much whether these men of business, like old Scrooge, would change their mode of life, and learn to live for others as well as themselves. The firm of Dombey & Son next occurred to me, and I saw in my mind's eye, Mr. Carker, with his row of white teeth, engaged in talking deferentially with the man he was about to ruin; while the 'Colossus of Commerce,' as the Major called him, received his homage as but a just and natural tribute to his greatness. Then, too, appeared old 'Edward Cuttle, mariner of England,' smoking his pipe in Sol Gill's little back parlor, engaged in discussing with the uncle the probability of Walter's return, and endeavoring to prove to him, by the aid of a chart, that his 'nevy wa'rnt drownded.' I bestowed a thought, too, on poor Bunsby, as with memory's aid I saw

him led along to church by the heroic landlady of 'Brig Place,' casting imploring looks towards Cap'n Cuttle, and vainly signing to him at least to attempt his rescue. But, no! the veteran mariner had been too often shipwrecked by domestic storms to brave them again, and the wretched commander of the 'Cautious Clara' was forced to the altar, and compelled, by virtue of a stronger mind, to become the father-in-law of Alexander Macstinger."

One of the few original dwellings that remain on Manhattan Island, is thus referred to:

"The house was evidently of Dutch architecture, as the style of the bricks and building plainly indicated. It was two stories high, and of such an antiquated appearance, that it reminded me strongly of Diedrich Knickerbocker's 'History of New York,' and I began to wonder whether Wouter Van Twiller, 'the doubter,' or William 'the Testy,' had ever spent an evening, or, at least, part of one, within its walls; for people in those days, you must know, went to bed much earlier than they do now. It certainly was a striking instance of the fact, that some old buildings do still exist, and retain their original localities and names, in

spite of all the 'modern improvements.' This was eminently so in the present instance; for here stood this little, old-fashioned house, right in the middle of a fine block of stores, encased on each side by buildings of immense size, which looked down frowningly upon it, and appeared as if anxious to squeeze it to death between them, in order that its venerable appearance might not remind them of their mushroom-like growth. There are some people in this world who would like to get rid of others, for reasons similar to those which, doubtless, caused these tall, fresh-looking houses to cherish such a feeling of animosity towards their humble, though reproachful-looking neighbor."

The sight of that forest of shipping which offers so remarkable a feature to the stranger in New York, excited his contemplative interest:

"Melville has well said," he observes, "that 'there is something fascinating to a landsman in the sight of ships and shipping;' for they call up so many pleasing and romantic associations, bring to mind so many old legends and traditions, that they imbue one with the idea that he is among the inhabitants of a distinct sphere from his own, so entirely different are the employments, manners,

customs, and modes of life among 'those who go down to the sea in ships,' from the ones to which he has been accustomed. As one looks upon the stanch and stalwart forms of the goodly crafts before him, and beholds their tall and raking masts, he cannot but recall to mind those lines of Halleck's, 'If there were tongues in trees, what tales these giant oaks could tell!' I strolled along the street which fronted the water, and busied myself with the objects before and around me. Endless rows and lines of vessels, from every part of the world, were here riding peacefully together in dock, without regard to nation or quality. Here lay an old whaler, her clumsy hulk well covered with barnacles, with patched-up sails and rusty-looking boats, which gave evidence of many a midnight gale and weary chase: there floated a new, jaunty-looking clipper, with raking masts and snowy white canvas, fresh from the ship-carpenters' hand, as yet untried, and beautiful. The contrast between the two was so great, that I could not avoid comparing them to the seasons of age and youth; the one wearied with life's fierce contest, the other strong and eager for the struggle. On the right was a ship just returned from Canton, her deck

piled with boxes of tea, and swarming with sailors and stevedores, while here and there, a bewildered, disconsolate-looking Chinaman presented a mournful contrast to the joyous and busy scene around. On the left, a vessel bound for Liverpool was being towed out of port, every part of her covered with human beings, who cheered and waved their handkerchiefs, until their forms were lost in the distance. How many a father had bidden farewell to an only child, how many a sister had kissed, for the last time, a beloved brother, how many a loving wife had clung in the agony of her soul to her departing husband, I know not; but many a stern face must have been wet with tears, and many a pillow moist with weeping on that same winter's night. A little further on was moored a Norwegian bark, and close by her side lay a long, piratical-looking schooner, bound for the West Indies, whose low, black hull and slanting masts, called to mind the slave-trade with all its horrors. And here, safe in port, were all these vessels, from different climes, bound on different journeys, with their masts and spars clearly defined against the dark gray sky, and their long bowsprits stretching forth over the street, as though they sought to pry

into the windows on the opposite side of the way, and learn all they could of the city and its inhabitants before their departure."

Elsewhere he alludes to a forge, encountered in an afternoon's walk:

"I remained and watched them as they worked, while, with the sleeves of their red shirts rolled up, and leathern aprons around their waists, they dealt prodigious blows upon the glowing mass before them, which at every stroke, sent forth myriads of sparks, and enveloped them in a fiery shower. I was reminded, as I gazed upon the scene, of old Vulcan, with his brawny Cyclopean workmen, engaged in forging the thunderbolts of Olympian Jove, and as, one by one, the beautiful incidents of the Æneid passed through my mind, I felt a sincere sorrow that school days were over, and that the business of life would no longer permit me to fight by the side of the 'Pius Æneas,' or weep with 'Infelix Dido.'"

These casual records are introduced to show how intimately associated were life, character, and books in his mind.

So vivid were these idiosyncrasies, that his friends used to keep in mind what they encoun-

tered in the course of reading or observation, for the special delight of imparting it to so appreciative an auditor. This habit, unconscious before, was remarked by several of his intimates after his death. It is an indirect but most striking testimony to the individuality and frankness of his mind and his strong intellectual sympathy.

His uncommon powers of memory were often severely tested in conversation. Whatever he read, whether literary or medical, he could report with fidelity. It was easy to trace his progress from month to month, by incidentally asking a leading question. He described a lecture, an operation, or a written argument, with precision and fulness. Hence the value placed upon his society by many of his seniors, whose avocations precluded much attention to books. They were always informed by his conversation.

One of the strongest feelings he exhibited was moral indignation. Any disloyal or mean suggestion called forth a decided expression of reproach. Integrity, in the largest sense of that term, was a normal trait of his character. He felt instinctively bound to stand by and maintain whatever conviction, person, sentiment, or aim he had

deliberately adopted. The spirit of compromise between what he felt and did, between expediency and right, or opinion and interest, was utterly alien to his nature. The genuine, the real, was his single object; it informed his manners, gave emphasis to his language, nay, characterized every look and gesture. This noble sincerity won him respect and love, and explains, in a degree, the attachment of his friends and their settled grief at his loss. Confidence is the most endearing of human ties; and valued in proportion to its rarity.

I have dwelt upon the characteristics most freely exposed to observation; but these imply a latent and, especially, a religious origin. Reverence was so marked a quality of his nature, that his attachment for, and faith in sacred truth, was at once apparent. He would never allow any book on his study table to lie on top of or come in contact with the Bible. In general intercourse it was chiefly manifested, however, by an instant reprobation of the least disrespect to religion, a conscientious observance of her rites, and a resolute obedience to her laws. There is a passage in Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," quoted from

Seneca, de Vita Beata, which singularly applies to the subject of this memoir:

"He that does nothing for opinion's sake, but every thing for conscience, being as curious of his thoughts as of his actings in markets and theatres, and is as much in awe of himself as of a whole assembly; he that knows God looks on, and contrives his secret affairs as in the presence of God and his holy angels; that eats and drinks because he needs it, not that he may serve a lust of his belly; he that is bountiful and cheerful to his friends, and charitable and apt to forgive his enemies; that loves his country and obeys his prince, and desires and endeavors nothing more than that he may do honor to God,—this person may reckon his life to be the life of a man, and compute his months, not by the course of the sun, but the zodiac and circle of his virtues." *

His sense of justice was inflexible. To meet the obligations of duty seemed a prevailing instinct, manifest alike in study, domestic life, and in fidelity to indigent patients. One of his early teachers, after several warnings, inflicted on him a

* Jeremy Taylor—Seneca, de Vita Beata, cap. 20. Holy Living and Dying.

slight punishment for that want of application which is natural to children; perceiving the reluctance with which the alternative was resorted to, he threw himself upon the breast of his revered master, touched with the love though unawed by the severity, exclaiming, "This gives you pain—I have indeed been negligent, you shall never have occasion even to find fault again;" and he kept his word.

If there be such a phase of natural benevolence as the love of affording protection, it was specially developed in his nature. Towards the humble, the poor, the aged, and even towards his parents and mature friends, this beautiful feeling was habitually manifested. He constantly formed plans to have those he loved partake of his future home, claimed from them promises to submit themselves to his care in illness, to apply to him in misfortune, and to share whatever of prosperity he might hereafter enjoy. He believed thoroughly in the ultimate success of those he loved; and recognized, with such heartiness, their aims and abilities, whether artistic, literary, or professional, that more than one baffled aspirant sought him for the encouragement his confident sympathy yielded. "One of my great regrets in this bereavement," said one

of these friends, is "that he whose faith in me was so implicit, who cheered me on when others were indifferent or scornful, and beheld my triumph ere it was achieved, will not witness the result of labors which he, more than any one on earth, gave me the courage to persevere in." He had many *protégés* out of his own sphere, who only revealed their obligations by grief at his loss. In one institution with which he was temporarily connected, he found a poor drudge, whose self-respect had long been subdued by heartless ridicule: between this harmless victim and his persecutors, he instantly took a firm stand; and, in a few weeks, they were shamed into more manly conduct, and the object of their thoughtless badinage grew cheerful and self-possessed. There was an old lame beggar, who, for years, had daily taken his station in front of the New York Hospital; so constant was his kindness to this poor fellow, that the mendicant watched regularly for his benefactor, and when he was so far off as not to be recognized by less devoted eyes, took off his hat to welcome "Master Francis," as, to the frequent amusement of his companions, he continued to call him, long after his school-days were over.

The same loyalty marked his friendships. A kind word from one of the pupils, on the first day of his attendance at a private school, won his heart, and thenceforth he became the intimate companion of him who had instinctively recognized his qualities of mind and heart. Through the holiday afternoons of boyhood, they were inseparable; and when each took the path of their respective vocations in youth, every Sabbath evening but one, in the month, was dedicated exclusively to the same affectionate intercourse. His idea of friendship was not romantic, but high and firm. He would never permit one he called his friend to be lightly spoken of even in jest—nor omit the earnest greeting or the kind service. The arrival of a letter from his favorite classmate abroad, was to him a festival; he was buoyant with delight, and, with an epicurean zest, reserved for the quiet evening hour, and the solitude of his study, the perusal of the welcome missive. "His image," writes this friend to his parents soon after hearing of his death,—"his image accompanies me by day wandering amid the ruins of ancient Rome, by night in my dreams, when I am permitted to sleep. It is only now when taken from me, that I feel how indispensable his

society had become: no one ever knew him better, no one ever loved him more. Around his name cluster all the sweet associations of that hallowed season of life when the foundations of all excellence are laid."*

It was affecting to discover how carefully every memorial of friendship was treasured, what a value he attached to every note and book and drawing, which were associated with those he loved; their welfare and fame seemed identical with his own; their casual gifts were as talismans to his affectionate heart; their sayings he repeated with the emphasis of love, and their happiness he seemed to regard as a personal trust.

"His last letter," writes another valued friend from abroad, "is now before me, written a few weeks ago—one Sunday afternoon. It is full of serious reflection; he speaks, with earnest feeling, of his dear home-relations, and of how blessed he is in the happy influences around him; of how he recognizes and fully appreciates the goodness of God in giving him 'such parents, such a home!' and his only fear seems that Death may enter that

* Henry Tailer.

charmed circle and *he* be left to mourn; he speaks of life as fleeting and unsatisfactory, but, at the same time, deems that he enjoys the highest privilege in being able to alleviate some of its suffering and misery."

The healthful tone of his mental development may be, in no small degree, ascribed to his love of English literature. The basis of good sense, the freedom from exaggeration, the reverence for truth and the spirit of humanity which distinguish the best writers in our vernacular tongue, eminently promote vigor of thought, candor of feeling, and simplicity of expression. They initiate habits of thinking, and awaken pure sympathies. Hence they furnish the most desirable aliment and discipline to American youth. Doubtless acquisitions in other tongues are important means of liberal culture; but as life in this country is inevitably preoccupied with the duties and the training incident to the special and active profession each citizen is obliged to follow, the most available, and, on the whole, really useful sphere of reading, is that which so readily assimilates with the native mind. The vocabulary, the knowledge, the standards of taste and reflection yielded to a student of English

literature, are precisely those best fitted to nerve, furnish, and exercise the American intellect.

Independence of the world was a striking feature of his character. He kept aloof from whatever interfered with his proper individuality; newspapers were not his oracles, nor fashion his school; he early became aware of the enervating influence of "following the multitude;" and realized the law by which truth to personal conviction, loyalty to inward sentiment secure both improvement and satisfaction. Accordingly, no casual inducement could make him swerve from what he believed to be the path of wisdom and of right. There was, at times, a sternness of manner evident in this self-assertion which only those who knew him well, thoroughly understood. He often remarked that he was destined to a life of labor and self-denial, and appeared resolved to anticipate, by premature resolution, this elected condition. If the term precocity was applicable to him, it was in regard to this manliness, this prominence of the will. Pride of character far exceeded in his disposition the love of approbation; and the desire of excellence took precedence of anxiety either for fame or fortune.

On the evening of New Year's Day, he entered the parlor a convalescent from more than a week's indisposition, not, however, of an alarming character. He had previously undertaken a case of Chagres fever, the patient being a poor boy at some distance from his home; feeling himself reinstated in health, except the debility incident to low diet and absence from the external air, he went, on an inclement day, to the house of the sufferer, and was relieved to find him improving. It is probable that this visit of duty and kindness, in his sensitive condition, induced the fatal malady; typhoid symptoms appeared shortly after, and there was a long and desperate struggle between this fearful disease and his naturally vigorous constitution. Recent and unremitted draughts upon his nervous powers, made the over-wrought brain inadequate to that mortal conflict. The utmost devotion and the wisest ministration, both of three eminent physicians and every member of his family, did not suffice to enable nature to triumph over an insidious malady. His consciousness was wonderfully preserved to the last; he whispered a penitential prayer in the long night-watches; and, by looks and signs, exhibited affection and intelligence: prolonged

and agonizing was the suspense, until at two o'clock, P. M., on the 20th of January, he expired, in the presence of his awed and heart-stricken parents, brothers, and friends.

Thus fell another social martyr—the victim to a disease which annually makes irreparable havoc in the ranks of our young physicians, usually induced by exposure in professional duty, and aggravated by the fatigue and anxiety incident thereto. Fame takes little note of these noble victims in a sphere of self-sacrifice hidden from public view; the warrior, the statesman, or the explorer who dies at his post, descends to the tomb crowned with votive offerings; but the watcher by the sick bed, the minister at the altar of suffering humanity, passes quietly away—the world unconscious of its incalculable loss; but their names are registered in heaven.

Eloquence and song, my dear Doctor, have made classic in the literature your son so loved, the peculiar sorrow that has fallen on your heart—exhibiting the universality of the grief which seems, at first, quite individual and unparalleled. Years after the event, Southey alluded to the death of his son, in conversation with an American vis-

itor, who saw "the heart of the father still rising in half-suppressed sobs, and sometimes overflowing in tears." "Had it pleased God to spare him," said the poet-scholar, "he would have taken my place in all respects." The late Rev. Sydney Smith was called to meet a similar bereavement, in the death of his eldest son Douglass, just as he had reached maturity, and gave promise of every excellence, both of heart and mind. "My son," writes the good Canon of St. Paul, "had that quality which is longest remembered by those who remain behind—a deep and earnest affection and respect for his parents." The most elaborate elegiac poem in modern English verse, celebrates the excellencies and bewails the early departure of Hallam's gifted son, in terms so exquisite, in images so refined, in the light and shade of a grief so acutely intelligent, as to blend emotion and thought, music and woe, in the most plaintive and permanent artistic beauty.* Such a bereavement shrouded in gloom the evening of Burke's illustrious career: how affecting is the utterance of personal anguish in the midst of the general arguments in defence of his

* Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

public course! "The storm has gone over me; and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honors; and am torn up by the roots and lie prostrate on the earth! There, and prostrate there, I most unfeignedly recognize the Divine justice, and, in some degree, submit to it. I live in an inverted order. He who ought to have succeeded me, has gone before me;—a son, who excelled in all points in which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honor, in generosity, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment, and every liberal accomplishment. He had in himself a salient, living spring of generous and manly action. He had no enjoyment whatever but in the performance of some duty." *

I do not cite these illustrious examples of parental bereavement as, in themselves, suggestive of consolation, but as precedents that appeal to reflection as we contemplate the mysterious Providence of God: between his infinite wisdom and goodness and the afflicted human heart, it would be presumptuous to intrude; the lineaments of the

* Letter to a Noble Lord.

character thus faintly traced convey their own message of comfort and hope: I can offer you only the assurance of heartfelt sympathy, and his beloved memory this inadequate tribute:

ELEGY.

What shade has fallen this loved threshold o'er,
Without glad presage never crossed before?
Why through the Past does startled memory range,
Then shrink to meet the desolating change?
Hushed is the dwelling, cold the hearthstone now,
Whose glow plays not upon thy manly brow;
For cordial grasp of hands the pleading eye,
For lettered talk the faintly-smothered sigh,
For looks intent to solve, respond or cheer,
Thine wan from pain, ours agonized with fear;
For bland philosophy and kindly wit
Wont round this group instinctively to flit,
Half-uttered prayers, the stillness of dismay,
In dread suspense exhaust the winter day!

The keenest pang humanity can feel
Came in that hour of nature's mute appeal,
As waned expression to its last eclipse,
And speech grew palsied on thy frigid lips;

Yet thought and love, before the parting sigh,
Converged and flickered in thy glazing eye!
The artist-friend whose triumph thou believed,
Ere fame ordained or genius had achieved,
Crouched by the form, now stilled in death's embrace,
Strove, with dim eyes, thy lineaments to trace;
"Yet, can it be?" our hearts bewildered cried,
"That he, the idol of this home, has died?"
The page o'er which, in calm delight, he hung,
The genial rhyme that trembled from his tongue,
The honored effigies so fondly sought,
Of those who conquered in the realm of thought,
His elements of life—these all are here,
And more than these—the loved ones round the bier,
Two whose gray hair with daily joy he crowned,
Two who in him fraternal guidance found.

When up the aisle familiar to thy tread,
Moved the long train by white-robed pastors led,
And at the altar where thou oft had bowed,
We tearful knelt and laid thee in thy shroud;
When those deep tones on which, with youthful pride,
For wisdom's banquet thou so well relied,
Breathed the last prayer that mortal rites delay,
In faltering accents o'er thy senseless clay,—
The sternest wept, and even worldly men
Felt the poor refuge of ambition then.

The Christmas garlands still with verdure hung,
The temple where thy funeral hymn was sung;

And as it echoed, like a holy spell,
The blest assurance of a short farewell,
A flood of sunshine broke upon our sight,
And wreathed the mourners with supernal light;
In golden mists the peaceful cadence died,
And Nature hailed what Faith had prophesied!
Ah! might Grief nestle in this sacred air,
Shielded from view, and unprofaned by care!
How grate the discords of the teeming street,
The rush of steeds, the tramp of busy feet;
How vain the stir, how pitiless the glare
To those who sorrow's aching badges wear!
Yet even here our brother's worth appears,
To fill with honor his remembered years;
In yonder pile*—the wretch's last retreat,
Where Charity and Science nobly meet,
With steadfast heart, and love-inspired brain,
And patient zeal, he ministered to pain.

Welcome the vistas of the hills and sea,
Whose pure enchantments ever solaced thee,
As from the city's strife our dark array
Emerged to meet the forest and the bay:
There is a balm in Nature's open face
That over anguish casts a soothing grace;
The winds mourn with us, and the fading day
Serenely whispers—all must pass away;

* The New York Hospital.

Each herb and tree with promise is imbued,
Withered to bloom, despoiled to be renewed;
From every knoll a boundless void we see,
So, love bereft, appears the world to thee!
Here where the portals of the East arise,
And falls the earliest greeting from the skies,
Our heavy burden in the earth we lay,
Far heavier that our hearts must bear away!

H. T. T.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

THE FUNERAL.

"Never has it been our lot to witness," says a leading Medical Journal, "more impressive obsequies. The comrades of the lamented son and the friends of the eminent father, being drawn together by a mutual sorrow, formed an assemblage, both in its character and its demeanor, such as has been seldom paralleled in this metropolis. This was a spontaneous tribute to departed excellence and rare affliction, as the time allowed was too brief for the usual funeral notice. The sad procession left the house of Dr. Francis, No. 1 Bond Street, soon after 1 o'clock, on Monday, January 22d instant, preceded by the Rev. Drs. Hawks and Neville. The pall-bearers were, Charles H. Ward, Henry T. Tuckerman, A. H. Wenzler, J. Vernor Henry, Frederick G. Swan, Otis D. Swan, Dr. Ehrick Parmly, and W. Jephson Taylor. The physicians of the deceased, Dr. Valentine Mott, Dr. R. S. Kissam, and Dr. F. Campbell Stewart, followed the immediate family. His classmates of Columbia College, and of the University Medical School, forming a large array, occupied the side body pews in St. Thomas's Church, where the funeral *cortége* was met by the Rev. Dr. E. M. P. Wells, of Boston,

who, as a guest in the family, had ministered most aeceptably in the house of mourning. Nearly every member of the New York Academy of Medicine was present. We noticed several of our leading merchants, whose avocations seldom permit their absence from business at such an hour of the day; also President King, of Columbia College, Governor Fish, Rev. Dr. Bethune, Rev. Dr. Spring, Mr. W. B. Astor, Dr. Cogswell, George B. Rapelye, and other distinguished laymen, with a large attendance of ladies, friends of the family.

The attention of this large and varied assemblage was devout and tearful. The service was read by Dr. Hawks and Dr. Neville. The following appropriate and touching hymn was sung—

HYMN CXXVI.

1. How short the race our friend has run,
   Cut down in all his bloom!
   The course but yesterday begun,
   Now finished in the tomb!

2. Thou joyous youth! hence learn how soon
   Thy years may take their flight:
   Long, long before life's brilliant noon,
   May come death's gloomy night.

3. To serve thy God no longer wait,
   To-day his voice regard;
   To-morrow, Mercy's open gate
   May be for ever barr'd.

The remains were conveyed to Greenwood Cemetery, accompanied by the nearest relations and friends. Since the funeral, the graduates and students of the two institutions with which John W. Francis, jr., was connected, have held meetings, and passed resolutions expressive of their deep sense of his rare worth and high attainments, and of heartfelt sympathy with his bereaved family. Similar tributes, though in a less public manner, have been offered to his memory by the professors under whose teaching he was instructed."

CASE OF JOHN W. FRANCIS, Jr.

[Reported by Richard S. Kissam, M. D., in the *Medical Times.*]

In accordance with your editorial request, I proceed to describe the last and fatal illness of John W. Francis, Jr., the eldest son of the distinguished physician whose name he bore. Young Francis possessed an ardent and sanguine temperament, great mental activity, combined with a fine corporeal development. Having received a thorough preliminary education, graduating with honor at Columbia College, he entered upon his professional studies with unusual ardor, and a firm determination to excel.

During the last year, he became the subject of severe acute rheumatism, which did not confine itself to the joints, but seriously implicated the heart and pleura. Mr. Francis

entirely recovered from his rheumatism. Continuing during the whole of last summer in this city, he unduly exerted himself in severe labors at the New York Hospital, both in the prosecution of pharmaceutical studies, and assiduous attendance on the medical and surgical wards of that Institution.

When the lectures of the University Medical College commenced, he transferred his attendance to those courses, and here again labored with indefatigable zeal, frequently studying until after midnight, in order to achieve excellence. Not unfrequently, he arose at 6 A. M., and faced the cold winds of that early hour, to visit his father's dependent patients, some of whom were subjects of typhus, and other fevers. This course, early in the winter, led to a severe inflammatory fever, though of short duration; it was readily subdued by rest from labor and abstinence from food.

After his recovery, he resumed his usual course, and, in ten days, suffered a relapse, which his father conquered by antiphlogistic means. From this relapse he apparently entirely recovered; but again returning to his too laborious course of life, was invaded, on Saturday, the 6th of January, with a severe chill, which proved the commencement of typhus fever, and terminated only with his life. During the ten days preceding this last invasion, young Francis had assiduously attended what he considered to be a case of "Chagres fever." His determination to acquire knowledge continued even after the severe chill had summoned him to surrender; and on the following day, although suffering from intense headache, he continued his anatomical studies.

On Monday, he was obliged to succumb, and did not leave his bed, being alternately shaken with the cold, and heated with the flush of fever.

On Tuesday, the 9th, I first saw him professionally. At that time he had intense headache, and a pulse of 120 in the minute. On the 10th, the fever assumed a remitting form, with most decided evening exacerbations and morning remissions, and so continued until Saturday, the 13th, when there was no longer any increase and diminution of disease, but fever of a continued type asserted its prerogative.

Sunday morning was ushered in with a pulse of 130, sordes on the teeth and lips, and petechiæ on the surface of the thorax, with partial delirium. Thus situated, I requested a consultation, when Dr. Mott visited him at noon on that day. Up to this time, the treatment had consisted in rest, a gentle purgative, careful sustenance, and ventilation. Soups, jellies, wine whey, and an anodyne at night, were daily administered. This treatment was followed by quiet nights, and moderately comfortable days.

At the consultation, the patient's condition was alarming, as unequivocal symptoms of typhus were prominently before us. The rapid and feeble pulse was the most disagreeable condition; and when we considered his former habits of application, and this his second relapse, we anticipated the most serious issue. Nourishment was now given with greater freedom; wine whey, brandy, beef tea, and chicken jelly were insisted on, and duly administered. The evening anodyne was continued with good effects; and this course was pursued until Wednesday the 17th, when Dr. F. Campbell

Stewart was added to the consultation. In accordance with Dr. Stewart's advice, the treatment was continued, with perhaps more energy,—our sole object being to sustain the patient through his sickness, and this without faltering, and with the utmost circumspection.

On Friday, carbonate of ammonia and chloric ether, in addition to the other remedies, were administered with good results.

The coma vigil continued to increase, the strength to fail, the heart to multiply its pulsations, and tympanitis to invade the abdomen; when, on Saturday, the fourteenth day of his illness, ended the life of a much beloved son, a constant friend, a man of vast industry and acquirements, and of superior mental powers. No post mortem examination was had, owing to peculiar circumstances.

It is well known to all practitioners of medicine, that disease attacking a subject whose brain had been unduly excited by any cause, and more especially by extraordinary mental exertions, is more apt to tend to a fatal result than under any other condition. When we consider the exhausting occupations and inordinate habits of study of our young friend, although directed to a most holy cause, we cannot marvel that a fatal termination should have resulted. The course of treatment was not hastily adopted; every suggestion was carefully weighed; and all that experience and the most devoted kindness could suggest, was lavished on the case of this gifted and mourned son.

That typhus fever, under peculiar circumstances, is propagated to those in attendance, is no longer a problem.

How careful, then, should physicians debilitated from mental or physical causes, be in unnecessarily exposing themselves to this fatal poison. During the last few years, the annals of our profession exhibit a large mortality from typhus fever. The young especially suffer: thus it would appear that greater caution should be exercised by them in encountering this disease.

The mortality in private, it seems to me, does not compare favorably with that of hospital practice. Perhaps it requires a greater amount of poison to produce typhus in well-fed subjects than in the starved persons of pauper emigrants; and when to this is superadded great mental exhaustion, the case becomes doubly complicated and dangerous.

I join with you in sympathy for our mutual friends, the surviving parents.

Most truly yours,

RICHARD S. KISSAM.

New York, 9 Great Jones Street,
January 22*d*, 1855.

I.

[From the *New York Medical Times.*]

It is the *promise*, whose fruition is cut off, which usually induces and justifies grief for the death of the young, be-

yond the circle of their kindred and near friends; but in the loss of John W. Francis, jr., it is rare maturity, whose departure we lament. His principles, habits of thought, and individuality of purpose, were as clearly fixed and as rationally founded, as if forty, instead of twenty-two years, comprised the period of his life. Of all professions, the medical demands this firmness, self-reliance, and harmony of character. A resolute will and a calm judgment are its primary and essential qualifications. These our young friend possessed in an eminent, and, as far as our observation extends, in an unprecedented degree, taking into consideration his youth. Of a vigorous physical constitution, the solidity of his mind corresponded with his remarkably strong and harmonious organization. Habituated from boyhood to the society of men older than himself, and living in the midst of an intellectual domestic circle, his tastes were early moulded by familiarity with literary and scientific conversation. The distinguished professional rank of his father, and the access thus constantly afforded him to the counsel and companionship of leading physicians, both native and foreign, a love of reading, facility in discussion, a thirst for knowledge, and reverence for genius, were among the first lessons taught him by instinct and association. In his school and college days, these singular advantages were realized in a desultory way. Besides the special studies incident to that period, he carried on an extensive and thorough course of reading in standard English literature, and became, not only acquainted, but imbued with the best authors of his vernacular tongue. He examined the most reliable critics in each department,

and asked the opinions of more advanced lovers of these masters of thought and language, with an intelligent zeal that never failed to elicit sympathetic and discriminating replies. His academical training at Columbia College embraced, besides the classics, in which he was proficient, the acquisition of the modern languages, which he read with facility, and in some instances spoke with freedom and correctness. His literary equipment being thus complete, it was a disciplined and a liberally furnished, as well as a resolute mind, that he brought to the study of medicine. To this pursuit he was led by filial devotion. To share and relieve his father's professional toil, was the great motive and aim of his life; and in order to realize this cherished object, he not only attended the lectures of the University Medical School, and passed stated examinations, but assumed duties in the Hospital highly responsible and absorbing, and took charge of poor patients, whom his purse often supplied, while his skilful care relieved. Thus were crowded into each day's routine the studies of the neophyte and the cares of the practitioner, until both frame and brain were overwrought, and fatigue and exposure opened the way for the insidious disease which, at once, deprived an affectionate family of its idol, society of a benefactor and ornament, and many hearts of a beloved and respected friend.

Are we not strictly correct, then, in declaring that it is maturity rather than promise that we mourn? To those who knew and loved him, it is needless to say that a manly loyal, self-devoted, and richly-endowed spirit has left the earth. To parents mourning such a son, man can utter but

feeble consolation. To the religion he consistently professed, must they look for solace; but to the young who have adopted the same professional studies, we offer his example, with tearful admiration.

II.

[From the *Protestant Churchman.*]

When we first saw this announcement in the journals of the day, we were shocked and saddened; surprised at the suddenness and unexpectedness of the event, and grieved at the loss of so worthy and admirable a young man.

Perhaps in the whole New York society of his class and standing, a more brilliant and estimable character, of his age, could not be found. By no means unexpected, therefore, were the warmth, cordiality, and discriminating enthusiasm of the various notices his decease spontaneously called forth.

As a son, he was devoted and tender; as a brother, affectionate and kind, of generous sympathies and elevated aspirations. Happy in the home society of his distinguished father, the Nestor of New York physicians, learned, humorous, skilful and humane; and in a mother, the model of every matronly excellence—enjoying the agreeable society of authors and artists, men of science and travellers, who met around his father's hospitable board, as at a common centre

of intelligence and refinement, he was at once the idol of those excellent parents and that congenial society.

He was gifted with literary tastes of the most catholic comprehensiveness; a judgment naturally acute, and educated with care; a taste, pure and uncorrupted, strong sense, a vigorous, manly, moral feeling, a most graceful frankness of deportment, and charming amenity of manner. His conversational talents were of a high order. His information was varied and exact, and readily produced; his expression clear, terse and idiomatic. It is no mean praise, and yet but a just criticism, that he met the foremost men of the day, among his father's friends—men prominent in their several departments—on a footing of equality.

Had he lived, he would have become—we follow the opinion of the best judges—an able physician, and, in particular, a skilful surgeon. In literature, too, much was expected from his devotion to good authors, his zeal in investigation, and his happy natural talents.

His profession afforded the best means of displaying the natural benevolence of his heart, ever sensitive to misery and distress. To assiduous devotion to these duties, may be traced the proximate cause of his death, most sincerely to be deplored for the loss to his family, and to society at large; to his friends, and to all who enjoyed the good fortune of his acquaintance.

W. A. J.

III.

[From the N. Y. Correspondence of the *New Orleans Bulletin.*]

For several days, the oldest son of Dr. John W. Francis, whom I have so often had occasion to mention in recent letters, has been laid upon a bed of sickness, but, as it was fondly hoped, not one of danger or death. But, alas! the fell destroyer has not spared the beautiful and the promising. Typhus fever, contracted by professional exposure, while he was assiduously prosecuting his studies preparatory to taking his degree in the spring, was the fatal cause of his death. Those who knew him best, recognized in him a remarkable young man. His accomplishments were most varied and his erudition profound. During the delirium of his illness, as well as in the vigor of health, he spoke four languages fluently. Well read in the classics of the ancients and of his mother tongue, he wrote rapidly and gracefully. His most retentive memory held the gems of many a poet and the aphorisms of numerous philosophers at command. With great readiness of manner, and boldness in action, he yet possessed a most retiring modesty, which never allowed him to put himself forward, nor to undertake what he was not fully capable of performing.

We who knew him, fondly hoped that he was to remain to wear the mantle of his father, to be for many years the sharer in his triumphs, the assistant in his toils, and the re-

corder of his deeds. By personal appearance, mental endowments, and moral excellence, he was most especially calculated to do this. One might have imagined, so close was the resemblance of form, feature and mind, that the veteran born in the eighteenth century was translated to the nineteenth.

A very large concourse of physicians, divines, statesmen, and the select spirits of the metropolis, were present at the church of St. Thomas, where Drs. Hawks and Neville read the burial service, by which man, while he pays the last respect to the memory of the dead, acknowledges the inscrutable hand of a Divine Governor of all.

> Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
> (That last infirmity of noble minds)
> To scorn delights and live laborious days;
> But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
> And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
> Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears,
> And slits the thin-spun life.

IV.

[From the *Boston Transcript.*]

A vivid sorrow has fallen on a large circle here, in consequence of the death of a highly respected and much beloved youth—one of the most gifted and assiduous of New York

students—a son of Dr. John W. Francis, known to you as one of the truly hospitable, genial, and enthusiastic lovers of science and literature in this city. On the eve of graduating as a Doctor of Medicine, after a brilliant academic career, and already remarkable as a benefactor to the poor, a companion of the learned, and a manly, self-devoted son, brother and friend, he fell a victim to ardent study and professional zeal. Seldom, if ever, have the obsequies of a man of twenty-two been attended by so many of the eminent, the venerable, and the sorrowing. His associates, both of Columbia College and of the Medical School, paid earnest tributes to his memory; and the religious services at his funeral were of the most solemn and touching description. Public sympathy has been deeply excited in behalf of his distinguished and bereaved father. Except in the comparative youth of the deceased, this affliction resembles that which, several years ago, deprived your eminent physician, Dr. James Jackson, of his noble son.

V.

[From the *Home Journal.*]

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN W. FRANCIS, JR.

The pulse-beat of true hearts!
The love-light of fond eyes!
When such a man departs,
'Tis the survivor dies.

* * *

Literature, as well as society, has sustained a loss, in the death of the late amiable and accomplished John W. Francis, Jr., eldest son of the venerable and distinguished Dr. Francis of this city. Mr. Francis was only twenty-two years of age, but had the appearance of a man of thirty. He had acquired a mastery of five languages, with an inferior knowledge of others, and was largely acquainted with good literature and the fine arts. His few contributions to our periodical literature were marked by excellent sense and by refinement of feeling. It was characteristic of him that he secretly expended a large portion of his liberal allowance of money in alleviations of the sufferings of the poor. In about two weeks he was to have been admitted a Doctor of Medicine, and his severe application to professional studies, and exposure to the weather in visiting the sick poor, brought on a typhus fever, which ended fatally within a few days.

VI.

A MEDITATION.

BY REV. E. M. P. WELLS, D. D.,
Rector of St. Stephen's Chapel, Boston, Mass.

John, dear John, thou art gone! I never thought it. Gone—thou! And yet it is so, really, gone! I did not think it. I knew that I should go. Thy venerable father—

thy feeble mother—thy more delicate brothers—these I knew might go, but thou?—No. I had not thought so far. I had not come to that. Yet it is so. Thou art gone! It is too true. Every thing tells it. The sadness of "joyous No. 1"—the hushed ringing of thy cheerly voice—the absence of thy ready wit—the absence of thy ever ready classical allusions—thy vacant seat at table, so courteously filled—the silence of thy song and harp—the tear in the eye of the poor one, as he passes by thy door, and the cold spot in the heart of thy friend—all tell the same, unnatural truth. Thou art gone?

And yet, wherefore not? Thy life was long. As those who are now thy fellows reckon life, by deeds—pure, good deeds—thy twenty years were forty. Few at forty could stand beside thee. Yet thou art gone. Gone! That thought "will not down." Much as thou didst in life, thy greatest act has been to die—greatest in power and eloquence. We thought we knew thy value, but we did not till thou wert gone. Even New York, which never stops, did stop a moment to listen to the sad news—thy death. For all knew thee—none envied thee—for thou wast always fair, honorable, true—and all mourn thee. 'Tis in the learned, social, sacred recesses of the city, that thy death has most effect.

The healing art droops in disappointment. Literature looks sadly on the vacant place of her so promising son. The joyous throng of thy young friends move on unsteady, as if a motive-power or balance-force were gone, and "something out of gear." Ye need not stop, young men. Ye oft,

with nerve and soul, have played the game "Follow the leader." Play it out. Go on. John is still your leader. Follow where he leads—to Death—Eternity—to God! The old, too, lean heavier on the staff. They feel that they have lost one of those, in our day, rare young men, who reverence age. Reverence was indigenous in thee. Thy soul rose up before the aged. This did raise thyself. Then, too, the strong, the energetic and robust, tremble to think how feeble is their power when death comes on, and seem to say, as one of thy poor friends did, at thy death, "I should have thought that death would have feared to strike him." The poor can only sigh and pray, "God bless him!" and draw their scant clothing tighter around, and shiver as they think how much more they must suffer because thou art gone.

May God forgive me if I mourn too much that thou art gone. What is it to be gone? To thee 'tis joyous. I believe it is. Though we have tears and sorrow, thou hast joy. What is it to be gone? Less than the mourners think —more than the stupid can think. 'Tis only a thin veil divides us—dark to us, but clear to thee. 'Tis like the window-screen. Those within can see the throng without. But, though close to, they who are without cannot see those within. To us, poor mortals, thou dost seem far off. Yet I believe that thou art nigh—if God so please, and though, by our dull eyes and ears, we cannot see or hear thy beautiful spirit, yet that thou canst see and hear us too, and dost pity us in our prison-world. May God permit thee to minister to thy honored, mourning parents, and be to them more comfort than thou couldst have been if thou hadst lived!

Dear John, farewell, till death. I love thee now more than when alive. I love thee chiefly for three things. I love thee for thy love and pity for the poor. Thou *felt* their pain; suffered their sorrow. Their griefs were thine, and their poor, little comforts made thee glad. Then, too, I bless thee for this, though it cost thy life—that even when ill thyself, thou didst in the stormy night seek out the suffering, in filthy sections and infected rooms, carrying warmth and food to the well ones, and to the sick ones comfort, hope and health. I love thee too for thy reverence for age. It proves the loftiness of thy soul. Thy reverence rose from age to sacred things, to angel, seraph, God. This it was that made thy soul revolt at, and reprove the wicked oath, the irreligious wit, the filthy jest. I love thee too, dear John, because thou didst love our Master and His holy religion. Thy soul did cling to Him, as none but penitents can cling. Thy prayer for mercy for His sake, was as St. Peter said, "because I am a sinful man, O Lord." And, like Christian ones of old, "the first fruits" of thy earnings thou didst offer, in the church, upon the altar of thy God. No wonder then, when death had parted the last aching nerve, that a smile came over thy young face far, far more sweet than I had ever seen thee wear in life. It was as if the angel, as he led thy soul above, had laid his hand upon thy body's face and left there the stamp of heavenly peace.

All this is ended now, and thou art gone. That thought comes back again, again, that thou art gone. This is not like thee, John. This is not thy doing, thus to die—to leave thy friends. No, thou wouldst have died *for* thy

friends, right gladly; but not forsake them. No. This is not thy doing. Yet it is His who loves thy parents and brothers more than thou couldst. 'Tis He has done it—in love so gentle, too. We cannot see it so. We need Faith's most powerful teleseope to see it so. To us it seems like all disaster. Yet we will believe it good. We felt that He was good in giving thee to us. We will believe Him just as good, now thou art gone. So it is well—all right. Go on—we follow.

VII.

A FELLOW-STUDENT'S RECOLLECTIONS.

There has rarely, if ever, been a member of Columbia College, who possessed as much popularity with the students as Francis: not that popularity which is so often accorded to brilliancy of talents, but that deep feeling of interest and love which but few are able to awaken in the breasts of those travelling the same road in pursuit of knowledge. Others have a few bosom friends, to whom they are most firmly bound, while to the rest of the students they are as nothing; but Francis, while his intimate friends were few, was beloved by all.

In our American Colleges, the best test of the position a student occupies with regard to his College mates, is the fact of his being able to gain admission to the exclusive

circles of any of the Secret Societies. On his first entering College, he was sought most earnestly by all of the secret fraternities as a brother; as there was something in his manly form, correct behavior and kind disposition, which, while it ever commanded respect, evinced to all that he would, indeed, be an acquisition to the Society he joined. With his usual good judgment and discrimination, however, he allowed the first term of his Freshman year to pass before he connected himself with any; and having carefully weighed the character and standing of all, he joined the Delta Phi—a fraternity founded at Union College twenty-eight years ago, and having branches in seven Colleges. Here, although he had always been a favorite with the members, he soon became indeed their idol.

The strict rule of duty, which he had laid down for his guidance during his College life, led him, as soon as he had taken upon himself the obligations of the Society, to enter on the performance of its requirements with a zeal and earnestness but few of its members have ever attained.

Nor was the feeling of affection entertained for Francis by the members in Columbia, confined to that College alone. In every Chapter of the band he was known and loved, and in all of them his opinion carried more weight than that of any other.

In order that his own Chapter might evince its deep affection for him, resolutions were adopted at a meeting called immediately after his decease, and when his early death was formally announced at their next regular meeting, there seemed a deeper gloom spread over the large assembly

than any before had witnessed. Those who enjoyed his especial friendship spoke long and eloquently on the character and life of their departed brother, and many an eye, unused before to tears, in silence shed the dew-drops of the soul.

When the news of his death reached the associate Chapters, they all went into mourning for him, and forwarded to Columbia College resolutions they had adopted, expressive of their deep and heartfelt feeling for the loss not only Columbia but the whole Fraternity had sustained in the departure of such a man.

In his manner to all his college-mates, Francis was always kind and friendly, though to most of them reserved. Still, however, though moving in our best society, he possessed none of that contemptible pride so often evinced by our New York students towards those whom they deem beneath them in rank or fortune. But appreciating as he did talent, wherever found, he took delight in stretching forth the hand of encouragement to those who, perchance, from the inequality of fortune, or their natural modesty, would otherwise have passed unnoticed through their College course. As before remarked, his intimate friends were few, and a proud boast to some was it that it was their privilege to knock at the door of his study, and not be denied admission. For none were ever there received save those on whom he felt he could depend, and to whom he might unbosom himself, and find an echo in their breasts to those noble thoughts and aspirations which ever filled his own. His friends were nearly all of riper years than he, for

Francis was emphatically a man far in advance of his years, and many have often wondered that one so young should possess, in such an eminent degree, his maturity of intellect. This in a measure arose (though no one with a mind less keen in its perceptions could have grasped and retained so much) from the delightful literary society he constantly met at home, but principally from his deep and well-chosen course of reading; for, as he often remarked, he considered the lectures he listened to at college, and the classic streams which flowing thence made green and glad his mind, but as the polish necessary to the perfection of his home studies. Who can wonder then that all should listen with attention to the opinions of such a mind? Although a certain innate modesty often prevented him from giving utterance to the thoughts hidden in his breast, still when he did offer a remark, it carried conviction with it.

It was his special delight, next to the enjoyment of the home circle which always held the first place in his thoughts, to retire to his sanctum with one or two of his bosom friends, and lulled by the fragrance of his favorite pipe, muse with them on present joys and future prospects. And the goal he looked forward to attaining, as the height of earthly bliss, was a quiet sunny home in the country, where, surrounded by his book and friends, he might pass through life peacefully and quietly, and have time to indulge his rare powers as a writer. And ever in the Ingle-side of his imaginary country home, the faces of his revered and beloved parents presented themselves, and he would dwell with delight on the amount of good he might then be able to accomplish for

his fellow-men. But, were we to write volumes, they would not tell of all his worth. "We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

J. V. H.

VIII.

THE VIGIL.

Night's sombre pall, in heavy folds, is laid upon the earth,
Hushed is the house where often rang the sounds of joyful mirth;
No more shall joy or gladness smile, within the dismal walls,
Stern grief, and bleak unhappiness, now people these dear halls.

Wrapped in its shroud the body lay, smiling as sweet in death
As 'twas his wont, when the soul lent unto the body breath;
And white camellias now lay strewn among his clustering hair,
A type of his sweet innocence and excellencies rare.

Hark to the wailing wind without, in mournful accents sigh!
List to the clouds all weeping tears in torrents from the sky!
The candle flickers dimly and now the brooding air
Creeps through the open casement, to kiss him on his bier.

Father and mother bowed in grief, in agony do cry,
And waft their sobbing, mingled prayers, to Jesus Christ on high;
While the freed soul in heaven above, exultingly doth sing,
"O Grave, where is thy victory? O Death, where is thy sting?"

W. J. T.

IX.

TO MY BELOVED FRIEND JOHN,

(On hearing of his death—Feb. 10, 1855, while in Europe.)

BY ELEAZER PARMLEY.

Friend beloved, thy days are ended;
Bright the hopes thy being gave;
Hearts by thine so oft befriended,
Weep now o'er thy early grave.

Dear the ties that death has broken,
Now from friends and kindred torn,—
Leaving many a fadeless token
To the stricken hearts that mourn.

Tokens now of richest treasure,
Memories sweet of virtues rare,
Hours of joy and purest pleasure,
In our hearts remembered are.

Full of hope, and ready ever
Willing favors to extend,
On life's journey we have never
Known a warmer, truer friend.

Torn away in life's beginning,
Called thus early to depart,
With a nature ever winning
Qualities of mind and heart.

Sweet and peaceful be thy slumber,
From the ills of life now spared;
Happy they, who of the number,
In thy love and friendship shared.

Happy now in retrospection,
Hallowed will thy virtues be;
Happy now in recollection,
Having known a friend like thee.

Firm in truth and warm in feeling,
In decision calm and just,
Fair and upright in all dealing,
Faithful to each promised trust;—

These are thoughts we fondly cherish,
These are feelings that we prize,
That from memory will not perish,
Till with reason memory dies.

With thy warm and tender-hearted
Parents, in thy death-long sleep,
Gushing tears for thee have started,
And with them we fondly weep;

Weep for thee, whose noble nature
Was beloved by youth and age;
Weep for thee, whose every feature
Brightly lives on memory's page;

Weep for thee, whose heart endearing
Won our love in childhood's days;
Weep for thee, whose youth appearing
Full of promise, love, and praise;

Weep for thee, whose manly bearing,
Proofs of high distinction gave;
Weep for thee, whose bliss we're sharing
Now in hope beyond the grave.

Soon our days, now swiftly fleeting,
Will have finished life's design,
When the hearts, now warmly beating,
Will be still and cold as thine.

Then will vows in friendship plighted,
Pledges fond in virtue given,
Loving souls be reunited,
In the blissful bonds of Heaven.

Then with angel voices ringing
Through the realms of peace above,
We shall hear God's praises singing,
Him whose voice we used to love.

X.

TRACES OF THE DEPARTED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PASSION FLOWERS."

A modelled portrait on the wall,
A shadow, by a sunbeam caught,
Charged with the burthen of the soul,
The features of his daily thought;

The mind of youthful vigor, bent
On nobly learning how to live;
The heart, of sympathetic thrill;
The hand, that gathered but to give;

A void in each familiar place,
That other forms can never fill;
The music of a banished voice,
For which the mourner listens still;

A ringlet from the sunny crowd
That brightened on his generous brow;
Sweet words, like gold grains, garnered up,—
Such thoughts and things are left us now!—

Sad but undying relics these—
What treasures of the land or sea,
Or hope of bliss, should make us yield
The blessing of his memory?

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

1.

NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MEDICINE.

New York, *March* 15, 1855.

JOHN W. FRANCIS, M. D., LL.D.,
President.

Dear Sir,—At the last session of the Academy, your letter tendering resignation of the Presidency was taken up, and after much deliberation it was resolved to suspend action thereon for the present. In directing that you should be informed of this, the Academy, by a unanimous resolution, also instructed us to convey to you the expression of their deep and heartfelt sympathy in your late overwhelming bereavement.

The death of a young man at the outset of his career is, at all times, an event calculated to make a deep impres-

sion upon the community in which he has lived. But when to youth has been added talent, and to talent virtue, the loss of such an one never fails to awaken the profoundest emotions of sorrow. To the late John W. Francis, Jr., intellectual powers calculated to adorn the highest position, are universally ascribed; and those who knew him intimately, are unwearied in the recital of his moral excellencies. Aspiring, with noble ardor and generous emulation, to a rank with the great and learned in the profession of his choice, he shrank from no labor, he was appalled at no danger. Steadfastly pursuing the path of duty, he made light of bodily suffering, and has fallen a sacrifice to his magnanimous zeal.

To the parent who mourns the loss of such a son, cut down in the flower of his young manhood, a son on whom he fondly hoped to lean, as on a staff, in his age, the stranger may hardly address the ordinary phrases of condolence. But your professional brethren, fellow-laborers in the same vineyard in which you have so earnestly toiled, who would have cheered him on in his career, and who trusted to see repeated in the son those distinguished acquirements and noble traits which they have delighted to honor in the father, may not inappropriately ask permission to mingle their tears with those which you have shed upon his grave.

Impressed with this feeling, the Academy has been loth to sunder the official ties which now unite them to you, and which have been so recently renewed, while, at the same time, they would not ask of you the performance of any duties which would be irksome, or impose any responsibility in the least degree onerous.

In the hope that time may, in some measure, assuage the sorrow which this sad event has brought upon you, and with the sincerest assurances of our individual sympathy and respect,

We are, dear sir,

Your friends and obedient servants,

EDW'D L. BEADLE, M. D., *1st V. Pres.*

J. CONANT FOSTER, M. D., *Rec'g Sec'y.*

II.

BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.

NEW YORK, *Feb.* 1, 1855.

To JOHN W. FRANCIS, M. D.,

Pres't Med. Board, Bellevue Hospital.

DEAR SIR,—At a regular meeting of the Medical Board of Bellevue Hospital, held January 31, 1855, the following preamble and resolutions were presented:

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God to visit our venerable and worthy President, Dr. John W. Francis, with a most desolating and overwhelming bereavement in the loss of his eldest and much-beloved son, John W. Francis, Jr.:

Resolved, That we offer to him our heartfelt and deep sympathy and sincere sorrow in this great grief—feeling that to him there is no consolation save in the remembrance of the virtues and honor of his child. May God, who has thus afflicted him, sustain him, and give him to feel that though

to him life is dark and dreary, yet to his child the higher life of an Eternal World is glorious gain.

Resolved, That in the death of John W. Francis, Jr., a youth of great promise, gifted with intellect and learning far beyond his years, and who was soon to have entered the profession of which his father is so bright an ornament, to be the prop and support of his later years, we have lost a valuable and useful friend, and one who gave promise of arriving at the highest distinction in the profession of his choice. His heart was warm and benevolent; to the poor and suffering he was devoted and consoling. Faithful in the performance of his duties, he shrank from no task however painful, but met, with manly courage, the responsibilities of his position.

To his parents, he was dutiful, affectionate, and devoted in his love, and it is consoling to feel that his strong Christian faith sustained him to the last.

His friends feel a blank which time cannot supply, and his memory is a bright and pleasant thought to them.

"To live in hearts we leave behind, is not to die."

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to our venerable President, Dr. J. W. Francis, with the expression of our deepest sympathy with himself and family in this sad bereavement.

With much respect and esteem, we remain, dear sir,

Yours most truly,

ISAAC WOOD, M. D.,
Vice-President.

ISAAC E. TAYLOR, M. D.,
Secretary of the
Med. Board of Bellevue Hospital.

III.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

At a meeting of the Graduate Class of 1852, of Columbia College, held January 22, 1855, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased Divine Providence to remove from among us by death, our beloved classmate and friend, John W. Francis, Jr.; therefore,

Resolved, That, while in his death, we deeply deplore the loss of one who had won from us and a large circle of friends, admiration and esteem, by the exhibition of some of the noblest qualities of the head and heart, we bow with resignation to the blow.

Resolved, That to those of us who were permitted to number ourselves among his personal friends, the affliction which we have met, and the sorrow we feel thereat, cannot be expressed in words.

Resolved, That, as a class, a vacancy in our ranks has occurred, not to be filled by time, in the death of one who ever gladdened and adorned our meetings by his briliant conversation and intellectual attainments—to whose presence among us, throughout our college course, memory will always recur with delight, saddened, indeed, with the consciousness of our bereavement.

Resolved, That this loss falls, not only on us, but also on the community at large, and on the profession of which he was about to become a member, and, without doubt, a

future ornament—and, that he fell a victim to intense application to his studies, joined to incessant attention to the sick poor around him. Possessed of rare endowments, a strong and original mind, and great reading, for his years, he gave promise of becoming, one day, an honor to his family, his friends, his country, and the college of which he was a graduate.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the distinguished father of the deceased, and the other members of the family, and that a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to them, and that they be published in the daily papers.

Resolved, That we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

(Signed,)
EUSTACE TRENOR, *Chairman.*

CHARLES L. BOGART,
RICHARD H. TUCKER,
JOHN W. HARPER,
} *Committee.*

IV.

DELTA PHI.

At a meeting of the Delta Phi Fraternity, Gamma of New York, held at the rooms of the Chapter, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas It has pleased an all-wise Providence to remove from our midst our esteemed and much-loved brother,

John W. Francis, Jr., a graduate member of our Fraternity; therefore,

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the family of our deceased brother, in this their sudden and irreparable bereavement.

Resolved, That in John W. Francis, Jr., our Fraternity has lost an honored member, and a true-hearted friend; one to whom we could always look for sympathy, both in adverse and prosperous circumstances; and who, by his kindness of heart, and other good qualities, endeared himself to all who knew him.

Resolved, That we will ever cherish the memory of our esteemed member, whose ability, talents, and general character, gave promise of more than ordinary eminence and usefulness, in the very important profession of which his distinguished father has so long been an ornament.

Resolved, That as a mark of our respect for the memory of our departed brother, we wear our badges shrouded in mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family of the deceased, and that they be published in three of the daily papers of this city.

OSCAR SMEDBERG,
Chairman of the Committee.

GEORGE C. PENNELL,
HERBERT B. TURNER,
ROB'T L. CUTTING, JR.
} *Committee.*

NEW YORK, *January 24th*, 1855.

V.

MEDICAL CLASS.

New York, Monday, *January* 22, 1855.

A meeting of the Medical Class of the New York University was called to-day, for the adoption of resolutions for the guidance of the Students of said University, in their attendance on the funeral obsequies of their fellow-student, Mr. John W. Francis, Jr., of this city, whose death took place on Saturday, 20th inst. Mr. E. Burr, Jr., of Kentucky, was appointed Chairman, and Mr. G. P. Hamilton, of Georgia, Secretary of the meeting.

Moved by Mr. Caswell, of Georgia, and seconded by Mr. Morton, of Kentucky, and

Resolved, That the Chairman appoint a Committee, consisting of one member from each State, to draft resolutions, on behalf of the Class, for the above-mentioned purpose.

Committee appointed:

Mr. Caswell, Ga.	Mr. Gentry, Tenn.
" Morton, Ky.	" Love, N. J.
" Butler, Fla.	" Chaney, Miss.
" Fisher, C. W.	" Brown, N. Y.
" Seller, Ind.	" Holmes, Mass.
" Carroll, Ala.	" Sally, S. C.
" McDuffie, N. C.	" Annon, Md.
" Crawford, Pa.	" Knight, Conn.

Mr. Smith, Vt.	Mr. Tims, Mich.
" Brady, Iowa.	" Nicholson, N. B.
" Patteson, Va.	" Kelly, N. S.
" Ragland, Tex.	" Shelton, N. H.
" Simpson, Me.	" Kaul, Ohio.
" Potter, Wis.	" Evans, Wales.
" Potter, Ill.	" Gray, R. I.

The Committee after retiring, presented the following resolutions, which were adopted by the Class:

Resolved, 1*st*, That as one of our fellow-students, John W. Francis, Jr., has fallen a victim to that fate to which we must all, sooner or later, succumb, we hereby express our warmest sympathy for the irreparable loss we have sustained by his demise, and for others of his associates who have too early learned his premature death.

Resolved, 2*d*, That we will attend his funeral this afternoon in a body, and as a further mark of respect, that we will wear the usual badge of mourning, crape on the left arm, until the end of the present session.

Resolved, 3*d*, That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the *Tribune*, *Herald*, and *Times*, and that copies of the same be forwarded to the relatives of the deceased.

LETTERS.

LETTERS.

I.

FROM CHARLES KING, LL. D.,

PRESIDENT OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, *April*, 1855.

DR. FRANCIS:

MY DEAR SIR,—You will, I am sure, believe that you and your family have my warmest sympathies in the irreparable loss sustained by you, in the death of your son John. As the son of friends long known and much valued, and as a graduate of this College in my day—he stood towards me in double trust, and in both relations I was gratified in marking and encouraging, so far as depended on me, his honorable emulation, his ability, his diligence, and his versatility as a student, and the fine qualities of his generous and manly nature.

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Genial in his disposition, enjoying society himself, and with accomplishments and acquirements that rendered his society attractive to others—he yet seemed of too earnest purpose and too lofty aims in life—young as he was—to permit himself to give up to the gratification of tastes, however refined, the time and the talents which he had resolved to devote to the honorable and arduous profession upon which he was about to enter, and of which already he had begun the practice.

For that profession he was carefully prepared in head and in heart—the last not the least precious preparation of the true physician. But alas! as if in mockery of all human calculations, and most of all of that which hoped to set limits to the ravages of Death, he was himself struck down on the threshold of his career, and a grave—to our poor limited view, a too early grave—received him who hoped, as he had just grounds for hoping, in a long course of usefulness and activity, to be instrumental in saving others from such a fate.

Under such a calamity, I have no words of consolation to offer to you; that must be sought where your lost one was accustomed in life to seek strength and guidance, and where, in the hour of death, he found hope and comfort. But it may mitigate even parental anguish to reflect that he died in the discharge of duty—in seeking to do good unto others, in confronting death himself, that he might, peradventure, save others from it—and those others, the helpless and the destitute of this world, the children, indeed, of our Common Father, but also the children of poverty and want. If, as I

apprehend to be true, he contracted the disease, whereof he died, in ministrations at the bedside of many poor, many suffering, whom it was his delight to seek out and to relieve —it can hardly be, but that in the record not made with hands, which shall hereafter enroll the names of those who, in their day and generation, were benefactors to their race by faithful and unselfish acts of Christian charity, those shall be found, who, like your son, disregarding the allurements of youth, and heedless of personal comfort and personal danger, gave themselves to the relief of the needy, the sick, and the suffering.

The praises and honor of the world do not, I am quite aware, single out such cases for blazonry; yet, in my poor judgment, the heroic soldier dying in defence of country—the patriot perishing on the scaffold, that his principles may endure—the Christian martyr expiating, at the foot of the cross, his fidelity to its faith, afford no sublimer instance of moral courage and high principle, than does the humblest physician or even medical neophyte, who, under circumstances not less perilous and far more repulsive, manifests his sense of duty by dying, if need be, for the safety of those intrusted to his charge.

Such is not the estimate of this world—but in another shall it not be so? In that hope and faith,

Believe me very truly and sincerely,

Your friend,

CHAS. KING.

II.

FROM CHARLES ANTHON, LL. D.,

PROFESSOR OF CLASSICAL LITERATURE IN COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

[EXTRACT.]

Mr. Francis was one of those very few young men, in whom we find a maturity of judgment far beyond their years, blended with a knowledge of the world that appears almost intuitive. The generality of those, with whom the relations of instructor and student bring us into contact, display, even in their happiest efforts, and when seen to most advantage, much of the crudeness and undisciplined energy of youth, and much of that rashness of conclusion which seems so inseparable from early mental training; but here was one who appeared to have passed at once, both physically and intellectually, from boyhood to man's estate, and to have taken his place with those of maturer years, as if age had given him a right to be one of their number. Calm, sedate, reflecting; with a standard of self-improvement ever in view that would have done credit to many an older head, he was, at the same time, so gentle and unassuming, so kind and considerate to all around him, so self-sacrificing, and so ready to afford any aid in his power, even to the humblest applicant, that we cannot but feel that we have lost in him one, who, had his life been spared, would have done high honor to our common humanity.

The character of his mind was peculiar. Quickness of perception was ever held in check by calmness of judgment; while, on the other hand, cool and dispassionate reflection was prevented from lapsing into indecision by an energy of purpose that never tired. It was surprising to see how beautifully these mental traits always acted upon, and balanced each other; and even the most casual observer of this harmony of intellectual forces could not have avoided auguring for one possessed of such endowments a remarkable career. But, alas for human augurics! his brief sojourn among us only proves how truly it has been said, that the good and the gifted are taken soonest away.

His student life, as far as it passed under my observation, accorded fully with his peculiar character. Ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, and allowing no difficulty to intimidate, he carried the energies of an inquisitive spirit into departments of literature, with which the young seldom hold converse, and to grapple successfully with which requires, except in rare cases like his own, the sterner intellect of manhood. He took nothing for granted. With him investigation, in order to be deserving of the name, must be exact and thorough, and, if he yielded to argument, that argument must be complete and logical. No wonder that such a one was already a literary disputant at a time when others are as yet but listeners, and that, though young in years, his mental existence appeared to have outstripped his physical one. And yet, with all this, there was not the least tincture of arrogance or conceit. Although so richly gifted, and possessing stores of information, which others of far maturer

years might well envy, his intercourse with his companions was modest and unassuming, and with those older than himself deferential in the extreme. All loved him; and the affectionate terms with which his name is coupled by all, form his truest eulogy.

To me, indeed, the most endearing trait in his character was his strong feeling of filial reverence. I remember well, when he was stating to me his views respecting a professional career, with what energy of language and of manner he descanted upon that beautiful term, in the old writers of Greece, which is intended to express the debt for early nurture owed to the parent by the child. This debt, as he told me, he had resolved to pay in his own case, by following the profession of his father, that he might lighten the burden of that parent's avocations, and thus soothe, in some degree, the cares of advancing age; and had he been spared to gratify this the darling wish of his heart, who can doubt that his reward would have been to have imparted additional honor to an already most honored name.

III.

FROM THE RIGHT REV. HENRY J. WHITEHOUSE, D. D.,

BISHOP OF ILLINOIS.

My dear Friend,—The largeness of the grief which it has pleased God to lay upon you, has been the main reason why I have not ventured to intrude the expression of my

sympathy, or offer thoughts of consolation. "Premature attempts to console, only irritate the sorrows they are meant to allay." The channels of comfort are choked by the early flood of such agony: mind and heart are both absorbed in the sole, dreary sense of the irreparable bereavement. It is darkness which may be felt; and "the cry of the pierced heart sounds shrill in the solitary ear of the sufferer." The consciousness of hopeless loss is heightened rather than assuaged by the very qualities of goodness, affection, promise, which death has called hence; and the state for the time is that so inimitably told in the words applied to the mothers of the "Holy Innocents"—refusing to be comforted "because they were not."

Nor now, would I venture with the formality of written lines. I would rather have sought the privilege of talking with you; and, in reliance on the Gracious Power who makes darkness light—win you to mark how that which to the natural eye is a "grievous mourning in the threshing-floor of thorns (Atad)," becomes a father's "*tribulation;*" and worketh patience, experience, hope, until the chaos of the heart is ordered by "the love of God shed abroad by the Holy Ghost."

I heard, however, of your intention to gather into more permanent form some of the many testimonies to the talent and goodness of your "first-born," which the young and the mature, the companion and the instructor, with your own eminent friends, have given utterance to, in fellowship with your sufferings. There were relations between dear John and myself, sufficiently peculiar to warrant my adding ex

pressions of similar tenor, which otherwise would be needless. For ten years—the half of his short span—I knew him as his pastor—an object of peculiar interest to me, not only on his own account, but from gratitude to her who, as well as being the best of wives and mothers, has ever shown herself to me and mine the kindest of Christian friends.

All who knew John Francis have remarked the grave purpose, earnest application, rapid attainment, and general maturity of his mental character. It was a common remark to hear, in answer to inquiry whether in his college or medical life, "He is a very good student!" To me these qualities and attainments, this great aim of life, had an interest deeper than even its best appearance. I knew it to be the working out of a purpose in which he gave up his own desires,—set himself, in some sorrow and shame, to redeem the past,—walked firmly up to his life-long duty, because called by reverential affection to a father's longing. He felt that a mercantile course, and the deficiency of a thorough education, would disappoint all that parent's hopeful forecasting of his destiny. It was a hard struggle within, for the boy, who thought himself too old for the classics, behind his associates for college life, with small discipline for study, desultory habits of reading, no taste for the medical profession, great anxiety for self-support and independence, which he thought could be only won in trade—a hard struggle, to go to work with the drudgery of rudiments, and crowd on until he could buy back the past by the intenser application of a few years. "I must and will do it, to please my father," told

his resolve, and the principle faithfully pursued, gave unity, vigor, manliness and truth to his whole course.

The change in his plans for the life on earth was nearly coincident with the deeper spiritual change within; which, although not manifested as fully as we hoped and expected, produced, beyond reasonable doubt, the persevering restraints and habits of a religious life. He was in every thing beautifully sincere, and tenderly conscientious. I think I never knew a young person (I speak of him now about sixteen years old) more thoughtful and transparent. He concealed nothing from me of what he considered his faults and weaknesses, ever fearful lest I should think too well of him, and trust his religious anxieties more than they deserved. He spoke like a little child, and acted with the caution of a man; fearing to be more highly esteemed than he merited, or to undertake more than he would rigidly fulfil.

An incident occurred, at the time, so characteristic, that cannot forbear relating it. After dark, one evening, I was returning home with my wife, and met John in a cloak, on the east side of Broadway. I bowed to him, but he, after passing, suddenly turned, and coming in front of me, under the full light of a lamp, opened his cloak, and showed beneath some masquerade dress of gaudy color. I looked into his blushing face, and asked him what it meant? He explained the incidents of persuasion that had entangled him in it; inquired whether I thought he had done wrong; —listened to my remarks, and in the same honest and manly spirit that he did every thing, thought over the subject, fixed his conscientious purpose, and ever afterwards kept it. He

spoke frankly of the incident to his family and intimates; and, on one occasion, adding the expression, "how mean he felt at the time,"—and his companion remarking, "what a fool he was to show himself;" John responded, with his noble frankness, "Do you think I would conceal any thing from my pastor?"

I have said that his religious life was not manifested as fully as I expected. He presented himself for "Confirmation," and did so, I believe, with sound knowledge and feeling. His private life afterwards clearly sustained this, in the close observation of those who knew him best. He was regular at the house of God; devotional in the services; attentive to every word of the preacher; careful in the observation of the Lord's Day; uniform in the morning and evening reading of the Bible; careful in his stated exercises of private prayer; reverent and serious in every thing pertaining to God's house, word, and service. In the cold weather he went to the library for retirement as soon as he left his bedroom; and there being often no fire, it excited apprehension for his health. His quiet answer was: "Mother, you know I must do it."

It is a remark which will be understood by those who have observed how constitutional virtues become strangely the source, in our present sinful condition, of false spiritual results, if I say, that his thorough conscientiousness kept him from the Holy Communion. He was not only afraid that he was not qualified intrinsically, but he shrunk from seeming to profess to be more than he was. His native truthfulness, keen honor, and proud self-respect confused the direct

and trustful path of obedience and duty to the Saviour's dying command and perpetual blessing. The mistake (serious as I must feel it to be) does not cast a cloud over my hope that he has gone to the waiting-place of the happy departed. His life and his death combine in harmonious assurance that he had believed to the saving of his soul; and in the ambition and onward vigor of his young life on the earth, had chosen religion as his duty and privilege.

That young life is ended below. His place in the house of love here is awfully vacant. It strikes a chill to the heart to see how suddenly thus, by the hand of death, the strong frame is crushed; the attainments seemingly lost; the noble intellect spoiled; and the untiring labor of years, in a single moment, made worthless. Men may gather round such biers and weep that the light is quenched—the voice hushed—the harp broken. But it is no such thing. The light has flashed out in undying splendor. The voice has joined the new song of truth. The harp is strung with seraph chords. The intellect has only passed from its pupilage to manhood,—the straggling light of time been exchanged for the Eternal; while every thing true in the attainments or mental discipline here has become a vantage ground from which we start with higher capacity in the spiritual and perfect. The thinking, feeling, studying spirit has only become for the time disembodied, and broken away to the realities of eternity. If the soul is quickened here with the Divine life, not an item or element of our true knowledge is to fail:—not a single step that our mind has made in the love and pursuit of Truth, will be forfeited.

All of truth that we learn here is qualifying us morally and intellectually for higher enjoyment when we pass the boundary. The piteous wreck is, when the soul is not religious, when the intellect is not devout, when the nature is not sanctified. Then angels may weep over the man of talent who has labored to enlarge his intellectual capacity in the forgetfulness or despising of the personal influence of the Gospel. He prepares his energies to be inlets of a sharper misery. He cherishes refinement to make the blackness of error more appalling. He advances his intellect to make exclusion from its noblest advancement more corroding; and cultivates graces of taste which make more loathing the reprobate and foul.

I conclude for you and myself in the words of a Prayer written and used by Lord Bacon.

"Plant Thy holy fear in our hearts, grant that it may never depart from our eyes, but continually guide our feet into Thy testimonies. Increase our weak faith that it may bring forth the fruit of unfeigned repentance. Open to us continued refreshments from the fountain of Thy holy word. We humbly and earnestly beg, that human things may not prejudice us against such as are Divine; and that nothing of incredulity or intellectual darkness may ever arise in our minds towards the mysteries of that word. May our mind be thoroughly purged from all pride and prejudice, levity and vanity, and perfectly given up to thy Divine Oracles. Make us ever mindful of our last end, and continually to exercise the knowledge of grace in our

hearts, that finally we may be translated hence to that kingdom of glory prepared for all who love and fear Thee."

With great respect and deepest sympathy,

I am, dear Doctor,

Your faithful friend and servant,

HENRY J. WHITEHOUSE.

IV.

FROM REV. FRANCIS L. HAWKS, D. D., LL.D.,

PASTOR OF CALVARY CHURCH, N. Y.

NEW YORK, *March*, 1855.

MY EXCELLENT AND DEAR FRIENDS,—A professional experience of many years has often impressed upon me the sad thought that, when I enter "the house of mourning," I can bring but little more to the smitten and bereaved than the expression of human sympathy, and that my only appropriate offering is an offering of prayer to God that He would comfort those who mourn.

I come now to mingle my tears with yours, for I too am a mourner. I loved your dear boy almost as much as if he were my own. There is to me a melancholy pleasure in recalling the traits of his noble character. I love to think of him as I watched the gradual and successive steps of his

development from early childhood, when he lived under my roof, up to the close of his short but strongly marked career. None knew him better than I did; few as well. I have, therefore, thought it might afford you some little consolation, if I put upon record for you some of the traits of his truly noble nature. Possessed of genius of a very high order, his traits, even in childhood, were strikingly intellectual. He was a seeker after knowledge and a thinker from his boyhood. I never knew the time when books would not allure him, and yet there was no premature assumption of the air or habits of manhood. He was a warm-hearted, natural boy.

Remarkably frank and affectionate, in his intercourse with me, he was perfectly unreserved, though ever most respectful, and by his questions and remarks, afforded me admirable opportunities of seeing the workings of his ever active mind. His intellect was superior. But I loved him for the qualities of his heart as much as for the powers of his fine understanding. I never knew a more ingenuous youth, or one who felt a loftier scorn of all that was little or base. As a child he had a very strong sense of justice and great tenderness of conscience. If he thought he had erred, he would voluntarily come to tell me of his fault, and ask forgiveness; and I remember, on the only occasion I ever had to correct him, that, when it was done, he threw his arms around my neck, his countenance bathed in tears, and kissing me most affectionately, told me that he thanked me for the correction, knew he deserved it, and assured me he would never give me cause to be displeased with him again. He never did.

That he who manifested such qualities and traits in early boyhood should pass on to manhood with a character stable, and fixed on principle is not surprising: "the boy is father to the man." Our friendly, and indeed intimate relations continued as he advanced in life, so that I was sometimes struck by the singularity of such mutual friendship and confidence between persons so unequal in years. He would come to my study at times, and sit with me, submitting occasionally his own literary efforts, or talking with me about my own, and I recall with pleasure many a noble sentiment uttered by him at these meetings. But a short time before his last illness, he was making one of those visits to me: it was, alas! the last, and he turned the conversation to the unhappy disposition on the part of some real and some pretended scientific men to represent their real or imaginary discoveries as affording conclusive proof against the revelation of the Bible. He warmed into eloquence as he proceeded, treated the sciolists with contempt, met with the weapons of his own correct scientific knowledge the assertions of some who were wiser than mere pretenders, and, presenting a picture of what the Bible had done for the world, expressed his deep regret that any votary of learning and truth should not be its friend. Ah! thought I, God is here raising up, I trust, a scientific layman, who will manfully and skilfully maintain his truth. But alas! in a few short weeks, he had passed to a world where there is nothing but truth.

Thoughts and recollections like these, my dear friends, afford to me a sad comfort, and I lay them before you, not

to open afresh the fountains of grief, but in the hope that they may comfort *you* also. While we remain on earth, our dead can live for us only in our memories. God be thanked, when those memories, as in this case, recall high qualities and heart-ennobling virtues.

It is with me a confirmed opinion that every death has in it a special lesson for some individual. And when I see, as here, genius, youth, virtue, attainments, all just ripe for manly action, suddenly, unexpectedly removed, I am very sure there is a deep meaning in the dispensation. God does nothing by chance. What is that meaning? For you, my beloved friends, who have nearly reached the end of your pilgrimage, the voice that comes up from that grave where you have laid your noble boy, speaks plainly. It says—"if youth be taken from your household, age cannot expect long to remain behind;" therefore, "be ye also ready;" it says—"sorrow not as those who have no hope, but so submissively bow before God's behest, and so seek to approve yourselves to Him, that through faith in that blessed Saviour who has purchased alike for you and for your child a resurrection to an unending life, you may meet him again in that better world where there is no more death."

With the sincerest affection,

Your fellow-mourner and friend,

FRANCIS L. HAWKS.

V.

FROM REV. EDMUND NEVILLE, D. D.,

PASTOR OF ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, N. Y.

My dear Friends,—My acquaintance with your late son was of about three years standing, during all which time he has been among my most attentive hearers and intimate friends. When I remember his youth, his abilities, and extraordinary attainments, I can scarcely realize that death has confounded the hopes so justly entertained of his future eminence. He was only twenty-two years of age, and yet could speak and write several modern languages, besides being an excellent Latin and Greek scholar, as his tutor, the distinguished professor of those tongues in Columbia College, has often testified. Indeed, the high place he held in the esteem of that gentleman, who never praises mediocrity however respectable, is sufficient of itself to prove his merit. Nor was this all, for he had likewise improved himself to such a degree in elegant literature, that he not only wrote well himself, but was familiar with the names, writings, and reputation of the best authors; and having an astonishingly retentive memory, could quote unhesitatingly from their works and garnish his conversation with anecdotes of their lives. Instead of employing himself in the diversions of youth, he applied closely to books, and regarded nothing but the acquisition of knowledge. Nor

did he associate much with those of his own age, but rather with his seniors; and while most young men, in such company, will be chief speakers, he, on the contrary, preferred to listen; his modesty and good sense disposing him not to lose the opportunities of improvement which the literary conversations of his father's friends often afforded. When he was studying medicine nothing could exceed his ardor in its pursuit; nor can there be any doubt, that had not his early and untimely death prevented, he would have risen, by his genius and perseverance, to the very highest rank in his profession.

These were great accomplishments, and yet but a shadow to those higher qualities of heart and soul by which he was distinguished. The first would have only allowed us to regret that so bright a sun had gone down in darkness; but the last reminds us that he has risen to set no more. He was remarkable for his filial affection, and the hope of diminishing the professional labors of his father, was his great inducement to study medicine. How often have I admired the respect and reverence of this good son for his parents, and the anxiety he displayed to promote their comfort! Indeed, he was a most unselfish character; the first money he ever earned, was bestowed in charity, and the distemper of which he died, he took at the bedside of the poor, thus employing his newly acquired skill and the first fruits of his labor, to relieve the suffering, and befriend the indigent. Nor was his charity for man greater than his zeal for God. He not only evinced a sincere and unaffected piety in his own life, but he could never hear any thing said derogatory to reli-

gion, without expressing his displeasure. He came forward voluntarily to be confirmed, and, had his life been spared, would, there is every reason to believe, have still more closely connected himself with the visible church. As it was, he died declaring his entire trust in the Saviour's merits, and commending his spirit into the hands of Jesus; nor do I doubt that his prayer was heard, and that, although those whom he left behind upon the earth, are mourning over his loss, he is himself rejoicing in the fruition of the "pleasures which are at God's right hand forevermore."

EDMUND NEVILLE.

VI.

FROM REV. B. C. CUTLER, D. D.,

PASTOR OF ST. ANNE'S CHURCH, BROOKLYN, L. I.

It is a rule with me, my dear Doctor, not to speak much to men when they are in very deep affliction. The friends of Job sat by him in silence, seven days and seven nights, when his children were all taken away from him, at one time, and spoke not a word to him, for they "saw that his grief was very great." *Leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.* During the last illness and last hour of our dear John, I felt myself one of the sufferers, and not a professional teacher or comforter. The presence of our kind friend Rev. Dr. Wells, with his mind perfectly free, made my services less needed.

But now that your beloved son is no more, and time has calmed my mind, and I have had leisure to think of the loss which you and the community, indeed, have sustained in his removal, I feel prompted to address you a few thoughts. We are continually thinking of you. Our hearts are pained. A breach has been made in our circle which cannot be repaired. May God sanctify it! The difficulty is, that we do not realize it, as we should, that this is not a life of pleasure, but of probation. John was such a treasure; you know I delighted in him. Let his memory be held sacred as that of a youthful martyr to Science. Deplore his death we all must, but deny it we cannot, and so, without doubt, it was to be. If it be so, how can it cast a shadow upon our faith in God's benignity? The greatest benefactors of the human race have died; and some of them when it might be thought most desirable they should have lived. Howard, the philanthropist, by an unreasonable demand upon his benevolent exertions and zeal in the cause of an individual, lost his life after blessing nations. The angelic Lavater was shot by a lunatic on the evening of the very day when he had bestowed charity upon him. Cuvier and Burke were deprived of their idolized children at the height of their own fame. No new thing, then, has happened to you, and God will support you under this bereavement as he has others. You know who has said,

> The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
> Leads to the world where sorrow is unknown.

Your faithful and obliged,

B. C. CUTLER.

VII.

FROM REV. B. C. C. PARKER,

PASTOR OF THE BETHEL CHURCH, N. Y.

New York, *February 15th*, 1855,
114 East Broadway.

My dear Friend,—I have too much respected the sacredness of your grief, in that almost measureless affliction by which you with my beloved and respected friend your husband, are bowed down, to be willing to break in upon you, in your retirement, by the proffer of sympathy. I know too well how much more grateful than such calls is the heart's own communion with itself and God, and how little comfort is the interest of others, when so deep a wound as yours pierces the soul. Yet I cannot reconcile myself to the thought, although I am unwilling to subject you to the intrusion of a visit, in your seclusion, while you are so full of woe, that in your affliction no message of remembrance should reach you from myself and wife, who have received at your hearth so many kind attentions.

The community has not, for very many years, been called to notice, if not to mourn, the early removal of a young man so full of promise as your departed son. I have long been a silent observer of his intellectual and moral developments, of the rapid expansion and staid purpose of his soul, and of the gentlemanly and refined bearing of his manners. At the time of his being graduated, although

unable to be at the exercises, I could not help replying to his invitation, in a note, reminding him (what his own humility might have concealed from himself), that he had given his friends good evidence that he was walking in a path which must terminate only in a high position of usefulness and honor in the community. I could well have quoted to him a passage from one of his favorite poets, as he was about to enter the world and take a part in its active scenes—

"I decus, I nostrum, melioribus utere fatis,"

for well might his friends be proud of him and pronounce over him the classical benediction. But bright as were his prospects, as under the guardianship of truth and honor, he set out on the voyage of life; full of promise as were the hopes he inspired; and clearly as it was to be seen that he would soon be an ornament to your gray hairs, and a support to his father, nearly worn down with the anxious labors of an extensive practice; yet there was a still more delightful view I took of his character. Will you pardon the anguish the words may occasion, when I tell you, I respected and admired him for his love and devotion to his mother. I repeat it with no other feeling than respect for his memory, when I say again, I admired him for his love and attention to both his parents. Let not the thought of this, like iron enter your soul, for it embalms his name and casts a halo about him in the grave.

His talents were, surely, of a very high order. Often have I sat opposite him at your table, of an evening, after tea, among a group of his young friends of both sexes (and no

young man I ever knew had more), and been a silent listener to his brilliant repartees, his accurate memory, his playful fancy and ready wit, tempered with the most kind and gentlemanly bearing. I never met him but with pleasure, and shall not soon forget the hilarity of his cheerful brow, the arch expression of eyes, and the affability and courtesy which he always manifested to the strangers, whether obscure or renowned, who met around your fireside. But I will not harrow up your feelings with these recollections, which I now only mention as a grateful tribute to his memory. Most sincerely do I sympathize with you, dear cousin, and his poor father. The blow has been such as well might make the brain reel. But I feel persuaded that, after a time, submission will tame down all other feelings, under your heavy bereavement and most bitter disappointment, to a dispensation, to rebel against which, would only enlist the heart in an unholy and unequal contest. We are here on this earth like a person in a picture I once saw, standing on an island in the midst of the sea, before whom a chain was suspended out of a dark frowning cloud above, which descended, we might imagine from seeing where it extended, down to the very centre of the earth. The man could only see a few of the links of that chain. He looked up, and they were soon lost in the obscurity of the cloud. He followed a few of them to the ground, and then again the view was stopped as they penetrated below. This chain is the series and those links the providences of God which nearly affect our happiness in this world. The man looked distressed, as he contemplated the chain and could examine so few of the links,

and could not tell what was at the extremities. This is no unfit emblem of our position in life. From you and your dear husband and children, that son has been torn away as if by violence. May God be merciful to you in his consolations, as he was in this gift. Dear friends, you must bury him! The current of life is too deep and rapid to permit you to linger the remainder of your days at his grave, however grateful it might be. We all have duties yet to perform, while we are spared, even though the heart is wounded and faint; and our greater happiness is in striving to perform them in the midst of the struggles and anguish of our sorrows. With sincerest esteem and love,

Most truly yours,

B. C. C. PARKER.

VIII.

FROM REV. JOSEPH MUENSCHER, D. D.

Mt. Vernon, Ohio, *Feb.* 14, 1855.

My dear Friend,—The receipt, yesterday, of a printed obituary of your eldest son filled me with profound regret and sorrow. It was the first notice I had seen of his death, and took me by surprise. Most sincerely and deeply do I sympathize with you, my dear friend, in the unlooked-for and terrible bereavement which has befallen you in the loss of your first-born. I know that your heart and that of his venerated father were bound up in this beloved and devoted son.

And truly you both had sufficient cause to justify the ardent attachment which you lavished upon him. All that is said of him in the well written and discriminating tribute to his memory, which some one did me the kindness to send, is true —strictly and literally true. Less could not have been said in justice to his superior worth. When I last had the pleasure of social converse with him at your hospitable mansion, little did I think that I should never behold his pleasant, intelligent, manly face again; and the idea that he, young, healthy, robust as he was, would precede me in the descent to the grave, was entirely foreign to my mind. But God's ways are indeed most mysterious, and man's ignorance of the future most profound.

Surely these truths should make us humble and submissive, and cause us to walk by faith and not by sight.

To your venerable husband—venerable for his years, his learning, and his virtues—the early loss of this promising youth—the sharer of his professional toils and the companion of his leisure hours—must be a source of most poignant grief—grief not less acute than that felt by her who bore him and watched over him in the tender years of his infancy and childhood. May you both have grace to cast your care upon the Most High and unburden your stricken hearts to Him who is a never-failing and ever-satisfying fountain of support and consolation to those, who, in their times of need, fly, in the sincerity of their souls, to him for the succor, the meek submission, the Christian consolation which they require. May the Sovereign Ruler of the Universe, who does all things well, and who can elicit good from the direst ills,

sanetify the calamity you have suffered, to the spiritual and eternal benefit of the parents and surviving brothers of the dear departed one. That it may lead you all to Christ, the healer of the broken in heart, and the spring of peace, and hope, and joy, to every pious soul, is my fervent and earnest prayer. Do me the favor to write me as soon as you can, and give me the partieulars attending your son's sickness and death. With my affeetionate regard to the Doctor and all the members of your family, believe me ever truly yours,

JOS. MUENSCHER.

IX.

FROM JOHN W. DRAPER, M. D., LL. D.,

PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY IN THE UNIVERSITY MEDICAL SCHOOL.

University Medical College, *Jan.* 23*d*, 1855.

My dear Doctor Francis,—I feel that I must express my most sineere sympathy with you in the great affliction with whieh you are visited.

I looked upon your son as one of the most promising young men we have ever had in the University, and have often thought how justly you might be proud of him. It has been my privilege to be brought in contaet with him frequently sinee he has been in the college, and I soon found, from these interviews, that the qualities of his mind shone forth in his noble and manly eountenanee.

I know it is useless for me to try to offer you any consolation under such a dreadful loss, though I can and do sincerely sympathize with you. I have not been without such a providential dispensation in my own circle, and it has taught me how hard it is to be resigned. May God Almighty give you fortitude to bear this heavy bereavement.

Your sincere friend,

JOHN W. DRAPER.

X.

FROM ALFRED C. POST, M. D.,

PROFESSOR OF SURGERY IN THE UNIVERSITY MEDICAL COLLEGE.

NEW YORK, *January 22d*, 1855.

DEAR SIR,—I hope that you will not regard it as an intrusion upon the privacy of your grief, if I venture to express my sympathy for you in the great sorrow which has come upon you. The loss of a son, so intelligent, so amiable, so industrious, so full of hope and promise, is beyond the power of human language, adequately to represent. In such a trial, human sympathy affords but a feeble support; there is but one source of consolation, of which the bruised and broken heart can avail itself. May "He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," bestow on you the abounding comforts of his grace, and prepare you and all whom you

love, for a happy meeting in "that better land," where sorrow and sighing, sickness and death, are for ever unknown!

With much respect, I subscribe myself,

Your sympathizing friend,

ALFRED C. POST.

XI.

FROM JOS. G. COGSWELL, LL. D.

Astor Library, *Feb. 7th*, 1855.

My dear Doctor and Mrs. Francis,—I know too well how acutely you are suffering under your recent bereavement, to imagine that it is in my power to offer you any consolation. But I cannot keep silent, my heart demands utterance of its sympathies, and you will indulge me, I hope, by allowing me to offer you the most affectionate expressions of them. Our long-cherished friendship could not but give me an interest in the objects most dear to your own hearts; your children, as a part of yourselves, must share in my affections, and it is no less on my own account than on yours, that I mourn the loss which you and your very many warm friends have sustained in the death of your dear son. I knew this beloved child of yours from his infancy, and loved him first only as your child, but he had not attained many years when he won my affections on his own account. I watched his successively developing qualities with great interest; it was truly beautiful to see them unfold in perfect symmetry like

the leaves of an expanding bud. When a child, he was just as a child should be, he spoke and acted as a child. During his youthful period he had all the earnestness and ardor, but little of the indiscretion of youth, and when he became a man, instantly he put away childish things. In full armor he entered upon the warfare of life, prepared for its worst struggles. As far as respected temporal concerns, he evidently had but one great purpose in view—to attain professional eminence and maintain the honor which attached to his name. With this incentive to exertion, operating upon a mind of a very high order, which had undergone the discipline of the best general and medical education, combined with the most ardent devotion to his vocation, there cannot be a doubt that his professional success would have been great, if his life had been spared. But it is not in contemplating this side of his character that you will find consolation, my dear friends; it does but increase the weight of the bereavement. It is soothing, on the other hand, to contemplate it in its moral aspect. How exemplary he was in all the great points of a fine character; what reverence he showed for religion; how truly he honored his parents, how untiringly he labored for the relief of the suffering, and gave his services to the poor and destitute! In most of these respects he stands out singly and in bold relief from among the young men of the age. His own busy life, for the last year, and my absorbing duties, allowed us but few opportunities for friendly intercourse; sometimes, when he could spare a half hour from his active labors, he came to the Astor Library to consult a medical book, which he could not find else-

where, when he never failed to express his regrets, that he had not more leisure for reading and study. His interest in the institution was manifested very early, and no one saw more clearly than he did, how important it might be made to the cause of learning and the general diffusion of knowledge. Forgive me, my dear friends, that I have said so much of the great moral and intellectual promise of your departed son. I need not assure you, that it was not done to enhance your suffering by dwelling on the magnitude of your loss, but to suggest a consoling thought in the reflection, how well and how early you had trained him for a better world.

Very truly and affectionately,

Your friend, in sympathy and sorrow,

JOS. G. COGSWELL.

XII.

FROM EVERT A. DUYCKINCK, Esq.

20 Clinton Place, New York, *Feb.* 7, 1855.

Dear Sir,—I have read with interest the touching memorial in the newspaper article which was placed in my hands. I will not, at this time, offer those expressions of sympathy which have flowed in so large a measure, and promptly and spontaneously from all your friends; but I would say something to express my feelings of respect for the memory of one whom I was privileged to call my

friend. The qualities which would have made him distinguished, and done honor to the man, were his native warmth of heart, his frank, independent bearing, his manly judgment, and his enthusiastic love of labor to associate these rare traits with noble ends. He had a natural instinct of honor. If he ever heard an unworthy suggestion from another, I know the look and the language with which he would put it down, with a countenance and words of mingled surprise and indignation. He was the last man in whose presence to have attempted any meanness. He had that sound ingredient of character, a healthy sense of humor. His was a good, honest laugh.

I knew his literary tastes. Though perhaps not fully developed as time and opportunity would have strengthened them; it was easy to see where they would lie. He would have attained a polished style, adorned with the fruits of fancy and reflection, which would illustrate any subject he might have turned to. He was studying the old poets, and learning in the conversation, inspired by yourself at your fireside, how the best qualities which he read of in the past, had lived again in your contemporaries. Of American writers, his favorites were Washington Irving and Nathaniel Hawthorne. No one ever entered more heartily into the geniality of the former or better appreciated the grave humor of the other. His feeling for literature was not simply a love of it; it was reverential, and would have ripened into a passion.

The only composition from his pen with which I am acquainted, is a sketch which he gave me for the *Literary*

World in August, 1853—"A Stroll through New Amsterdam. By Anthony Autograph, Esq." Though slight, it showed fancy and literary delicacy of treatment in the style.

These, indeed, are but fragments of an interrupted career; but our longest lives are fragments too. Even a Webster leaves the scene with much unaccomplished: but the good memory and name of my friend, John W. Francis, is a perfect whole, entire in its principle; and having nobly achieved what it was possible for him to accomplish, he was independent of the rest.

The recollection of this will be always with you, and I trust not forgotten by others.

I am, dear sir,

Your often obliged friend,

EVERT A. DUYCKINCK.

XIII.

FROM MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

HARTFORD, CONN., *May 23d*, 1855.

MY DEAR SIR,—Thanks for your welcomed and most touching letter. Strictly it might not require an answer, but I respond from impulse, to express my sympathy. That emotion had been called forth for you before, by the public prints, which gave some sketches of the distinguished talents and excellence of him who had been so early taken from the

embrace and trust of his parents. Some portion of your grief I can imagine, some portion of it I have felt, enough to keep me from essaying any of the commonplaces of consolation. Broken cisterns are they all. The good Lord be with you, and comfort you. My tearful sympathy is yours. I have felt there was some shadow of strength in that, like one wounded man leaning upon another.

Will you not construct a memoir of your gifted and glorious son? There must be an abundance of material by which others might be benefited. But I suggest it principally as a solace for your own grief. It is such a solace, second only to the healing grace from above. I speak advisedly. May I send you the simple transcript of my own boy? not distinguished like yours, but dear as my only one. Shall I point out the passage that most moved me in your eloquent letter?

"While I write the atmosphere is surcharged with clouds, and darkness and storms. It is most remarkable of my nature, that this condition of the weather is less wearisome to me, than brilliant sunshine. The glories of the elements add to the depression of my spirits, because my devoted son is not with us, to be a partaker of Heaven's bounties."

Ah! you have touched an answering chord in my heart, which I think no writer has thus wakened before. When my precious one fell, in the flush of his nineteenth summer, the solstitial moon was at the full. From that flood of liquid brightness, which he had so loved from early childhood, I turned shudderingly away. He could not behold it with me.

The pall of deep darkness was preferable. Last evening, I sat alone awhile by the window of his little chamber, looking in the dim light upon the rural objects he had loved, and the thoughts measured themselves:

I'm in thy seat, my darling,
Which thou wert wont to choose,
At hush of holy twilight,
In solitude to muse.
Thy fair brow resting on thy hand,
The deep thought in thine eye,
That from the beauty of the earth,
Caught pinions for the sky.

The vine doth stretch, my darling,
An arm across thy pane,
And every wild, blue violet holds
A crystal drop of rain.
The apple in its flushing,
Is rich with fragrant bloom;
But heavily the matted grass,
Goes creeping o'er thy tomb.

There is no hand, my darling,
Like thine, my own to press;
There is no glance intense as thine,
To light my loneliness.
I feel the weight of waning life,
Since last I looked on thee;
I'm weary,—weary in the strife—
Come near and comfort me!

Perhaps I ought to ask your excuse for these extempore,

uncorrected lines. But I trust to the voice of the mourning heart for all needful apologies. I pray you will remember me to Mrs. Francis, with that true sympathy which smitten mothers understand.

Please mention to me the names of the children who are spared to you, for I think God has not left you desolate. His name be praised. We shall know hereafter what we know not now. Let our faith adore His mystery and His majesty; the mystery which is but for a moment, and the majesty which we shall see face to face, and for ever.

Yours, sir, with high regard,

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

XIV.

FROM OTIS D. SWAN, ESQ.

July 31, 1855.

My dear Mrs. Francis,—A severe attack of illness and absence from the city, has prevented an earlier acknowledgment of the precious memento of your dear departed son, and my beloved friend. I cannot express to you, in words, my thanks. The cherished gift will ever be to me an object of more than ordinary attachment; for, while it constantly reminds me of the loved one, who was to me almost as dear as a brother, it will as constantly bring to mind the thoughtful

consideration of the donor, whom that son loved so tenderly with more than a filial affection.

I seem to see him at this moment: his merry laugh and happy voice still sound in my ears—I still listen to his polished and amiable conversation, luminous with thought and knowledge. His was a rare culture of head and heart; and no one could be long in his company without a conviction of his singular purity of mind—his integrity of thought and conduct,—without appreciating his rare gifts and varied accomplishments. I venture nothing in saying that a friend never left his presence without a profound belief that your son was destined, by Providence, to be a blessing to the community in which his lot might be cast.

But his good works have followed him; never did I witness a more touching scene than when the sad intelligence was announced to the domestics at my father's house that "Dr. John," as he was familiarly called by them, was dead. Grief had audible utterance; and the man-servant wept as if his heart were broken by the loss of the dearest earthly object. John had not only administered to him when ill, medical aid, but had cheered him with those true attentions and kind words that ever flowed from his sympathetic and loving heart. Only a few days since, a poor woman who had been the recipient of his kindness, said to me, with tears in her eyes, "Poor Doctor John Francis! I shall never see his like again."

In proof of the exalted estimation in which he was held by all, I need but mention the "troop of friends" rich and poor, old and young, that followed his beloved re-

mains; the feeling and beautiful tributes to his memory that appeared in print; and the general and abiding sorrow that pervaded all classes of society; these were proofs of affection and esteem such as few so young have ever won by the simple force of character.

John's death was indeed startling and mysterious. I cannot yet comprehend it. That so much of virtue, and Christian charity, and filial affection, and holy faith should be suddenly snatched from earth, and so much of selfishness and unbelief allowed to remain!

I shall never cease to lament the early loss of his sincere friendship, kind counsel, and tender sympathy; and memory will ever cherish the remembrance of his friendly intercourse as one of the most grateful reminiscences of my life.

That I sympathize most deeply with yourself and afflicted family, I need not assure you. And yet, I feel that any attempt to offer consolation would be fruitless. You have it from a higher source than this world can afford. You have it in the recollection of John's filial love and affection; his pure and spotless life, his manly character and rare maturity of mind; and, above all, in the conviction of his fitness for a happier sphere of existence.

It is my consolation that I shared his love, and my prayer is that I may emulate his virtues.

With kindest regards to Dr. Francis, and your sons, believe me,

Very truly yours,

OTIS D. SWAN.

XV.

FROM CHARLES H. WARD.

My dear Doctor,—It would seem peculiarly fitting that one who had known your son so long, and on a footing so intimate, as to be especially entitled to the proud character of his *friend*, should, young though he be, add his voice to the many which swell the wail of lamentation over his too early grave. And yet

> "I sometimes hold it half a sin,
> To put in words the grief I feel;
> For words, like Nature, half reveal,
> And half conceal, the soul within."

The tribute I would render to his memory is no faint one, although the pens of the learned and reverend in the land, have (I am told) been busy in recording their estimation of his bright promise, nay of his remarkable maturity of character. It seems to me, as I dwell upon his many noble traits, that *loyalty* was pre-eminently his distinguishing one—loyalty to his profession, to his friends, to his parents, to his religion.

His college-life, during which scarcely a day passed without my seeing him on the closest, most friendly terms, for daily we walked down together to old Columbia—was marked by fidelity to his duties, and yet by a sturdy independence, which stamped him at once, in the estimation of his peers. His fondness for the classics was great, his facil-

ity of acquisition and citation, marvellous. All his leisure time was devoted to literature—especially *English literature*, to which he clung tenaciously—always insisting on its supremacy over all others, while at the same time, he did not undervalue the priceless treasures of other tongues. So nice was his ear, and so retentive his memory, that he easily caught the accents of the French, German, and Italian; yet I would not claim for him a profound acquaintance with any of these tongues, simply because it was a *characteristic* with him to prefer his mother tongue to all others.

When, on leaving college, he determined, for reasons which did honor to himself and his parents, on pursuing that profession, which you, his Father, have so pre-eminently adorned—he attempted at first to continue those literary pursuits which were ever his delight. But so engrossing, ere long, did he find this new calling, that, loyal to his convictions of duty, he resolved to sacrifice, for the time, his loved books, to those abstruser works, an earnest study of which is necessary to success in that profession. "It is only for a time," he said to me, and so grappled with this new pursuit with that iron perseverance which ever marked him.

He never did any thing by halves. An early riser, he devoted the first hours of the day to study, and returned at ten o'clock at night from his evening recitation, completely worn out with mental effort and physical exhaustion, only to renew the same zealous course on the morn.

So completely did he give himself up to medicine, and visiting the sick poor, that I, *his friend*, those last months, saw him but rarely.

"Only for a time," he replied to my expostulations. "I shall soon take my degree." He has taken it, indeed, but it is before Heaven's High Court, where I firmly believe that the reward, meted out to the unselfish and lowly in spirit, is his.

Sixteen hours of daily, and almost unremitting exertion, was too much for a frame, even so physically endowed as his; and he yielded at length to his over-taxed powers, and, "sick with study" as he himself said, took to that bed, whence he only arose, to fall a victim to his devotion to his patients, ere his own health was sufficiently restored.

I well remember how we implored him not to expose himself so soon. But no! one of his patients was very ill, with the Panama fever, and he must go to him. "The man will die," he said. "It is better," I said to him, "that he should, than you." He looked at me reproachfully, and said, firmly, "That may be your creed, but it is not mine." This patient has since recovered, and *he* lies beneath the sod in Greenwood.

A truer *friend* than your son, no man ever had. During all the years in which I enjoyed that rare privilege, granted to but few, his friendship, I do not think that an unkind word ever passed between us; no, not an unkind *thought*.

It is to me something so sacred—this friendship—that I dare not trust myself to write of it. Every memory of him is garnered in my heart.

Those who knew him on a less intimate footing, bear witness to his genial companionship. He was, indeed, the

light of our social circle. His rare union of wit and humor; his readiness at repartee, in which he was almost merciless; his taste for song, and rich, sympathetic, voice, made him the centre of attraction in all our college-day reunions. His facile pen, running sometimes into the wildest freaks of humor, contributed no little to our pleasure.

But I will not do him the injustice to style him only the friend of those of his own age. The many illustrious names of those to whom your house has ever been a hospitable shelter, testify too loudly their sense of how eminently the sire and mother were reproduced in the son.

Yourself, sir, and your honored wife, know how scrupulously he filled every duty at home; of this it is not for me to speak.

Of his reverence for religion, and his practical obedience to its behests, how truly can I testify. Those who knew him only for his gayety and brilliance of repartee, knew him not at all. To the poor he was always a friend. Many little acts of beneficence of his, known, as he thought, only to himself, their recipients, and his God, have *since* come to our knowledge, and it is pleasant to know of them, proving, as they do, how true a sense of his goodness of heart was had by us all; for *he* "let not his right hand know what his left hand did."

I always thought, with regard to him, that the largest career of well-doing was open before him, and little dreamed that a Higher Power would see fit to take into a better world so soon, one who was so bright an example to all.

Yet in those two-and-twenty years of physical growth, he led a lifetime of mental development.

That noble apostrophe of Tennyson's to *his* friend, rises to the mind, how fitly!

> "I would the great world grew like thee,
> Who grewest not alone in power,
> And knowledge, but from hour to hour,
> In reverence and charity."

It remains now to speak of the many strong traits which marked him. His love for the sea, and for all "that go down in ships," was a part of himself. Whether exemplified in his fondness for the sea-shore, along which he loved to stroll, and watch the great waves come and go, and listen to the scream of the fish-hawk or the cry of the gull; or in his favorite amusement, when in the city, to walk among the docks, and gaze at the tall ships moored to their wharves, "with their long bowsprits," to quote his own expressive words, "stretching forth over the street, as though they sought to pry into the windows on the opposite side of the way, and learn all they could of the city and its inhabitants before their departure." The very odor of tar was suggestive to him; and in his imagination, he tracked the course of these vessels, as set forth to him by their cargoes, and trim; and while standing in South street, surrounded by carts and sailors, his active fancy landed him in far Cathay, or bore him to the North Pole, there to keep company with the many brave commanders of whose adventurous daring he loved to read. Himself no mean sailor, he took great de-

light in the management of a sailboat; and if angry skies lowered, and waves rose high, his spirits, too, rose with the emergency, and hand on tiller, he prepared to meet the storm, with something of the fierce joy of an old Viking.

His taste for old-fashioned things was very strong. He loved to dwell on the past, and transport himself back to its hallowed associations. I think, that of all characters in modern English literary history, Dr. Johnson attracted him most. He delighted to recall him and Goldsmith, and the Jessamy Bride. I often think how congenial a spirit the members of the "Literary Club" would have found in him, and with what loving reverence he would have hung on every word of "the Great Cham of literature," had it been his privilege to have lived in his time; while I am sure that Dr. Johnson would have smiled complacently to see his noble thoughts so well appreciated, his jests so relished, and would have laughed heartily at some of the quaint conceptions of your son, or been pleased at the utterance of a noble thought.

I have spoken of his independence, yet it never manifested itself in any arrogant self-assumption. It is the universal testimony of older men, men of mark, with what deference he conducted himself towards them. His bearing was ever in accordance with the scriptural injunction, "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man, and fear thy God."

Nor was this all. Whenever, by a certain infallible instinct, he detected that within the minds of his equals in age, which foretold, as he thought, the man of culture, he was ever prompt to show this recognition, by his treatment of

him, and sought to foster into more vigorous growth this to others, perhaps, latent germ.

His personal appearance was very striking. No one would have thought him under thirty, to look at him, so mature was his physical development. To me, his face was eminently attractive. That noble forehead, deeply scored with the lines of thought; that bright gray eye; that compressed lip, parting ever and anon to give utterance to his hearty laugh, in the corners of which played ever an indefinable spirit of humor, which the faithful artist-friend has succeeded so well in catching; those sunny-brown curls, clustering in ample profusion over his neck; those massive shoulders, surmounting his sturdy, almost Titanic frame, combined to form a figure, which, once seen, was not easily forgotten. Yet no man moved more lightly in the dance. His address was easy, and indicative of one who respected himself and others. But it was necessary to know him, as his friends did, to appreciate all the truth in that cordial pressure of the hand.

I know how inadequate these words are to express my sense of his high worth, of our irreparable loss. The tears of many have been shed at his bier, and yet I feel that I have the right to claim that none have been more heartfelt than those

> "Which weep the comrade of my choice.
> An awful thought—a life removed—
> The human-hearted man I loved,
> A spirit, not a breathing voice."

This subject, sir, is so attractive, that I find I have far exceeded the limits I proposed to myself. Yet I know that every word I have written of him is true, although I fall far short of a full expression of all he was to me. I can only beg, in conclusion, the privilege of signing myself, with greatest respect,

Your son's friend,

CHAS. H. WARD.

THE END.